

THE MANHATTAN.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1883.

NO. VI.

THE OLD PICTURE-DEALER.

The second landing-place. Above,
Sun-pictures for a shilling each.
Below, a haunt that Teutons love,—
Beer, smoke and pretzels all in reach.
Between the two, a mouldy nook
Where loungers hunt for things of worth—
Engraving, curio, or book—
Here drifted from all over Earth.

Be the day's traffic more or less,
Old Brian seeks his Leyden chair—
Placed in the ante-room's recess,
Our connoisseur's securest lair:
Here, turning full the burner's rays,
Holds long his treasure-trove in sight,—
Upon a painting sets his gaze
Like some devoted eremite.

The book-worms rummage as they will,
Loud roars the wonted Broadway din,
Life runs its hackneyed round,—but still
One tireless boon can Brian win,—
Can picture in this modern time
A life no more the world shall know,
And dream of Beauty at her prime
In Parma, with Correggio.

Withered the dealer's face, and old,
But wearing yet the first surprise
Of him whose eyes the light behold
Of Italy and Paradise:
Forever blest, forever young,
The rapt Madonna poises there
Her praise by hovering cherubs sung,
Her robes by ether buoyed, not air.

See from the graybeard's meerschaum float
A cloud of incense! Day or night,
He needs must steal apart to note
Her grace, her consecrating light.
With less ecstatic worship lay,
Before his marble goddess prone,
The crippled poet, that last day
When in the Louvre he made his moan.

Warm grows the radiant masterpiece,—
The sweetness of Correggio!
The visionary hues increase.—
Angelic lustres come and go;
And still, as still in Parma too,—
In Rome, Bologna, Florence, all,—
Goes on the outer world's ado,
Life's transitory, harsh recall.

A real Correggio? And here
Yes, to the one impassioned heart,
Transfiguring all, the strokes appear
That mark the perfect master's art.
You question of the proof? You owe
More faith to fact than fancy? Hush!
Look with expectant eyes, and know,
With him, the hand that held the brush!

The same wild thought that warmed from stone
The Venus of the monkish Gest,
The image of Pygmalion,
Here finds Correggio confessed.
And Art requires its votary:
The Queen of Heaven herself may pine
When these quaint rooms no longer see
The one that knew her all divine.

Ah, me! ah me, for centuries veiled!
(The desolate Virgin then may say,)
Once more my rainbow tints are paled
With that unquestioning soul away—
Whose faith compelled the sun, the stars,
To yield their halos for my sake,
And saw through Time's obscuring bars
The Parmese master's glory break!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

URBINO.

WE had long proposed to ourselves a pilgrimage to Raphael's birthplace, Urbino, to which the fourth centenary of the great painter lends so much interest at the present time. But so spoiled is one by easy railroad traveling, that the short *diligence* journey had always prevented our visit to the Apennines. This time we determined not to be thwarted, by so small an obstacle, in the wish to add so charming an item to our collection of sketches and memories. Had we not achieved as much in going, for instance, to San Giunignano delle belle Torri, in Tuscany, and could the inn and accommodation offer more discomfort than on that occasion and others which often recur to our minds with a certain additional gusto, proceeding from the satisfaction of having overcome difficulties and roughed it to some purpose? Therefore, we continued on the Adriatic Line from Rimini to Pesaro, the most convenient point from which to do Urbino on that side. And having once there secured the corners of the vehicle which daily leaves for this arduous expedition, all our dread and misgivings vanished to make way for the pleasantest anticipation.

My first thought was to scan the countenances of our fellow-travelers, in order to obtain some clue as to the nature of the *rappports* to be hoped for during the five or six tedious hours of very close companionship we had in prospect—knowing well how much one may learn in such cases of local interest and otherwise unattainable information (or between the two). And in truth we had some pleasant and profitable talk while surveying the scenery during the first stages of our drive. I argued favorably from my right-hand neighbor, at any rate, and my judgment proved a right one, for, from his geological knowledge as a mining engineer and his errand at Urbino, we learned for one thing, that the district through which we were passing is rich in the best sulphur Italy possesses. If only capital and

enterprise were equal to the resources of the country, what might it not yield to the now poverty-stricken people!—enterprise especially and the spirit of association which is so utterly wanting because most Italians are unwilling to trust each other. This does not apply to North Italy, however.

That part of the Apennines, said our new friend, produces sulphur of far better quality than even the Sicilian, but the means to work it are inadequate. A reference to Bologna, whence our engineer hailed, caused me to mention Conte Mattei and his wonderful discovery of electricity in plants. This led to a very delightful account of the way in which his attention was first directed to the subject of the potent properties latent in herbs. Being inclined to a life of quiet and seclusion, the Count had gone to his own villa outside the town with a solitary companion, a favorite dog, about which his friends in Bologna had of late remonstrated with him owing to the faithful animal having been for some time afflicted with a repulsive-looking disease. Nevertheless his devoted master would not listen to the suggestion of parting with him. One is glad to hear of any act of love toward the brute creation on the part of Italians, the reverse is so often the case. Though, perhaps, not so commonly now that English tastes are so much the fashion, that horses and dogs are in greater repute, poor things! as well as the sports and pursuits in which they so minister to the amusement of man. To return to our *savant*, no sooner had he retired to the country than he noticed a slow but sure improvement in his humble friend, which induced him to observe the dog's habits, and to conclude that he evidently owed his cure to certain herbs in a particular spot to which the animal regularly repaired, and of which he partook with most persistent and confident sagacity. No more was wanted to stimulate the Count's investigations, with what happy results many have proved. I give the story as it was



CONTRADA RAFFAELLO AND MARKET PLACE.

told us, with, I think, a great appearance of truth.

Another of the occupants of the *diligence*, a *carabiniere*, was a very acceptable person, inasmuch as he afforded us a good deal of quiet amusement. There had been, he remarked, among other things, *un pittore* at Urbino, who would have left some of his works to his native place had the town consented to bestow on him a title, the denial of which made him transplant his talent elsewhere. "What was his name?" I said, wishing to acquaint myself with the contemporary worthies of Urbino. "*Fu un certo Raffaello*," he rejoined; and a malicious look in the eye of our other interlocutor revealed that on him also had slowly dawned the fact of who the *certo pittore* was. And yet the special circumstance of his approaching centenary made it difficult to realize that any of poor Raphael's compatriots should be so hazy as to his very existence! It is, however, fair to say that this is not common in Italy, where all classes are so apt to live on their great dead rather than on the present putting forth of their own effort and ability. Perhaps our *carabiniere* was only a little

less misty in his chronology than the young *marinero* who took us to the blue grotto at Capri a short time ago, and who exclaimed, as we passed the Bath of Tiberius, "*Ah, Signora! noi altri giovani non ce lo ricordano, ma i nostri vecchi si; che se lo ricordano com'era bella l'isola al tempo di Tiberio!*" (the Caprese pronunciation of Tiberio)—"Ah, Signora! we young people don't remember it, but our old grandfathers remember how beautiful was the island in the days of Tiberius!" How powerless has time been on the blessed Island of Capri! It was of no avail that we appealed to the senses of the youth by calling his attention to the aged ruins all along the coast; how evidently centuries had passed over them. He was only the more anxious to persuade us that all this was owing to the dog-in-the-manger spirit of Tiberius, who, when he no longer could or would patronize Capri, had sent an army of workmen to destroy the once lovely resorts and luxurious villas, the delights of which he could not brook that others should enjoy after him. All the prestige of a Tiberius or a Barbarossa at Capri has failed to create any desire either

in teacher or pupil to inquire into their history. I could not hope to be more successful, and gave it up sadly, being loth to own or allow that ignorance can ever be bliss!

And, in truth, we had some pleasant and profitable talk while surveying the scenery during the first stages of our drive. Meanwhile the ascent had become more and more steep, and our horses had been exchanged for sturdy oxen. It was not without trepidation we watched for the first glimpse of the city, especially as its peculiar associations had invested it with so great a charm in our eyes. We had skirted the Foglia and the Metauro. But the surrounding mountains appeared so bleak and barren that the landscape offered but a frowning aspect, while the devious turns in the road hid the town from view, much to our regret, though this drawback was so amply compensated afterward. The day was drawing to a close when we entered one of the silent streets, under the very towers of the famous palace of the dukes. The gathering darkness gave them a forbidding look and made them all the more imposing. Fortunately we discovered also, the next day, that the view of Urbino was not from the Pesaro road, and that we had lost nothing by not desecrating it to advantage on arrival.

The feeling of a new place to explore, on first waking, is too delicious to describe! Of course, our first thoughts were for the grand old castle—"la Corte," as the natives still ambitiously style it, with that lurking remembrance of past grandeur which might be so wholesome if it bore better fruit. The inner side of it is situated on a now deserted piazza, that, in spite of a fine old church, in the portal of which is an exquisite Luca della Robbia, and the very elaborate front of the modern Duomo, bears a look of desolation about it, which, as in many another place, struck us with a chill of disappointment. But this was a very passing sensation. The very dilapidation and solitude around soon enhanced the beauty of that wonderful richness of detail which still makes the Palace of Urbino so unique a specimen of the Renaissance. We had often ad-

mired at Naples, in the villa of a friend, the *fac-similes* of the beautiful doors and the very tapestry itself which once adorned the walls of the Sala degli Angeli. It was a great treat to look upon the originals of the doors and the magnificent chimney-piece of which the supporting angels give their names to the room, now stripped, indeed, of its quaint tapestry and much fallen in other respects, but suggesting still much that was gone. The fireplaces are one finer than the other, so are the doors and windows. One or two rooms still retain their pristine state in inlaid paneling and ceiling and some of the frescoes that used to cover the walls. Our Pretenders lived in one of these. One wonders how anyone could do so, so comfortless and cheerless are these once splendid apartments now. Some parts have been beautifully renovated, and we were told the government does much to keep up the remains of splendor still to be found in portions of the grand old pile, by the annual grant of a fixed sum for repairs. But one deplores the want of local resources in such cases, for how can the one central department do justice to Italy's numerous monuments? There is a sense of pain also in beholding the lack of honesty or judgment, perhaps, exhibited in the manner the available money is used. This remark we made to each other on looking at the works now going on in the palace. The valuable libraries and collections once here, were, of course, removed



A WINDY CORNER OUTSIDE URBINO.



PIAZZA — INNER SIDE OF PALACE.

to the Vatican; only some early Christian and other ancient inscriptions and sculptures have been arranged in the upper corridors. It is impossible not to pay a tribute to the great Federigo di Montefeltro, as one passes the noble staircase on which his statue is erected. Of the three great names which shared the dominion of the Pentapolis at that time—Sigismundo Malatesta, at Rimini; Alessandro Sforza, at Pesaro, and Federigo Montefeltro, at Urbino—the latter certainly rose to highest eminence and influence, first as *condottiere* and afterward as the patron of letters and art. The Montefeltro family had been more or less supreme at Urbino from the thirteenth century, but in Federigo, and Guidobaldo, his son, culminated the greatness of the "Itala Atene," of that great fifteenth century. It would be presumption to seek to add anything to all that has been said of the refinement and taste of the court of Guidobaldo (the second duke, Federigo, having received that title from the Pope in 1474), and the accomplished Elizabetha Gonzaga, who was so well known and so famous in England that it was truly said of her that "no greater praise was ever sung of any woman,"* while Guidobaldo, her husband, received the garter from Henry VII., Castiglione being the King's proxy; that Balthasar Castiglione who wrote his "Cortegiano" at the brilliant

Montefeltro court, where all the talent and genius and erudition of the period congregated—Bembo, the two Tassos, Polydorus Vergilius, and many another. But, turning from the days of good fortune and splendor, how great was Elizabetha when adversities and reverses came upon Guidobaldo, through the treachery of the Borgias, and how must she have gloried in the triumph of his restoration and of that visit of Pope Giulio II. and his pompous retinue to the Court of Urbino, on which occasion he made the acquaintance of Raphael.

We tried to picture those days to ourselves while walking about the now dead streets of the old Apennine city. Alas, it was difficult to do so, with such dilapidation all around and so miserable a population, and while witnessing the sad havoc which the intervening centuries of ignorant misgovernment have effected. No place fell into such sudden decay as Urbino. The Montefeltri had distinguished themselves in a most turbulent and oppressive age, as the benefactors of their people, by whom they were greatly beloved. But when their descendants failed and the last childless duke abdicated in favor of Rome, in 1626, it may well be said that this most cultured and favored corner of Italy ceased to be, or, rather, in the hands of the Church, drifted to a speedy ruin, and became the spoils and the prey of a grasping priesthood. This dismantled feu-

* Shakespeare in his *Miranda*, in whom he depicted Elizabetha Gonzaga.

dal citadel of the Montefeltri, overlooking the town, gave us a fine view of the surrounding region—the whole line of the Apennines, range upon range, stretching to the far distance. We were pointed out the very remarkable rock of San Marino, the seat of the little republic, as conspicuous-looking in shape as it is in its history, and in another direction the Passo di Fuelo, that great record of Roman energy which nothing could daunt in the matter of public roads, and of which the engineering difficulties are still a wonder for modern science. We congratulated ourselves on not having ascended the fortress in one of the gales of wind we had at Urbino, where, on one occasion, I had simply to sit down by the dusty roadside,

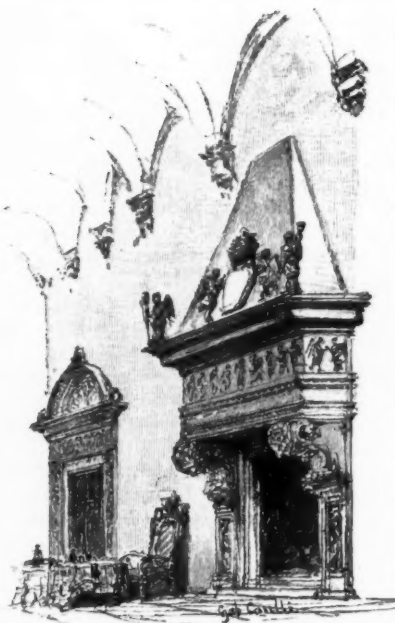
for he, of course, man-like, would not succumb even to the elements. I am afraid the exposed situation of Urbino, perched as it is on its barren cliff, is bleak at the best of times.

Raphael's house was naturally one of our most interesting subjects. From the market-place, near us, we could see the steep street in which it is to be found, one of a row, unfortunately. But the picturesque surroundings of the "Contrada Raffaello" at once furnished us with a very good drawing, to our intense delight. The house of the Santi family had cost the grandfather of Raphael 240 ducats, and that in the prosperous days of the city! Having in course of time become one with the adjacent dwelling, the citizen who owned the property generously bequeathed it to the town, since which the whole building has been religiously preserved by the municipality. But the original habitation in which the great painter was born boasted only of one window on each floor and an outside staircase, now removed. It formed the narrow strip on the left of our sketch, where is to be seen the inscription recording the fact of which Urbino is so proud. In the room in which Raphael was born, on the 28th of March, 1483, is a painting by his father, Giovanni Santi, representing a virgin and child, probably his wife, Magia Ciarla, and her son—a work of no mean merit, once ascribed to the greater Santi. We saw no other *souvenir* of the family, however eagerly we looked round for more, to feed our fancy and to recall the great departed shade. Sundry projects were on foot during our visit to commemorate the fourth centenary of Raphael, and all with whom we had any intercourse seemed equally alive to the propriety of making it a notable one, and of the memorial taking the shape of something beneficial to the place and the people, whose good intentions we fully indorsed. By one thing we were struck, and that is, how much better a painter Giovanni, the elder Santi, was than is generally thought. One picture of his, especially, in the Museum is very fine, and contains the portraits of Federigo and his good wife, Battista Sforza, celebrated by Bernardo Tasso. Raphael must also have come in contact with some of the



FEDERIGO DI MONTEFELTRO, ON GRAND STAIRCASE OF PALACE.

feeling lifted off my feet, and expecting every moment to see my very substantial companion in mid-air, balloon-fashion—



CHIMNEY-PIECE AND DOOR IN THE SALA
DEGLI ANGELI.

most remarkable men of his day in early youth under the auspices of the benevolent and munificent Guidobaldo, all of which combined, with later advantages and the artistic tendencies of the Vatican under Julius II. and his successor, Leo X., to foster the development of his great gifts. How much one regrets not to see him by the side of his father in the Museum of his native town, which does not possess one stroke of his brush. Baroccio (1528), whose ancestors worked much at the ornamentations of the Palace, and Timoteo delle Viteo, were also Urbino men, and a street bears the name of Bramante, who, if not born within the town, is claimed as one of her sons.

Other good artists there were in those days at Urbino, of whom we admired the handiwork in a chapel hidden away in one of the rugged and narrow *vicoli*. It belongs to the Confraternità of San Giovanni, and was entirely painted about the year 1416 by the brothers San Severino, follow-

ers of the school of Giotto. A real surprise awaited us there in the wonderful expression of the numerous figures and the great interest of the costumes. So it is in these dead old towns of Italy, local works of the greatest merit are discovered of which one had no idea before visiting them. Unfortunately, they all belong to the *past*. The past of Italy is an inexhaustible mine. In Urbino, at any rate, one seeks in vain some present signs of life. Stagnation only meets the eye, and the question of how the dwindled population—now less than 6,000 souls—exists, is hard to answer. The solitary industry of the town seems to be the pin manufactory supported by the only family which appears to confer any benefit on the place—the princely one of Albani, whose grand palace, surmounted by the papal keys, is in Via Bramante. The produce of this factory supplies all Central Italy. Nothing remains of that celebrated cunning in earthenwares for which that locality was so famous, and of which the rare specimens left find such eager amateurs. This art had been introduced into Gubbio and Urbania (then Castel Durante) rather before 1500, and came into full perfection about 1530. One of the dukes deprived his capital of a beautiful collection of this ware by his munificent gift of 300 fine pieces of it to the Sanctuary of Loreto. We saw some very admirable plates and saucers in the Museum, but such as were possessed by private families have been gradually dispersed, thanks to the mania of collectors and their readiness to pay the most extortionate sums for this sort of majolica. We had an amusing adventure and proof of this during our stay. A very diminutive and shapeless plate was brought to us, no larger, indeed, than a good-sized saucer, for which we felt disinclined to make any offer, so insignificant was the pattern—a Moorish combination of lines radiating from the centre, still in use at Triana, near Seville—and so coarse the plate altogether. Still we inquired of our man what were his pretensions. This was answered by a learned dissertation on the stage of the iridation, etc., etc., of the saucer; its great value to make up any link wanting in a collection, etc., etc., which prepared us for much, but not for the start-

ling sum of 2,000 francs, the lowest for which, added our antiquary, he could let his prize go! I was greatly humbled at the thought of our ignorance.

The very excellent roads over the central chain of the Apennines are one redeeming point, and must certainly be a great boon to these mountainous towns. That alone, it is to be hoped, will open new channels and resources and save them from utter decay and oblivion. We never wearied of the splendid views outside the gates, especially from the road, so-called, of the *debitori*, because remote for the café and piazza loving inhabitants, from which we took a sketch of the grandest side of the Palace and a picturesque bit of the old city, and which in another direction gave us the Cappuccini Convent as a foreground to the magnificent line of mountain scenery.

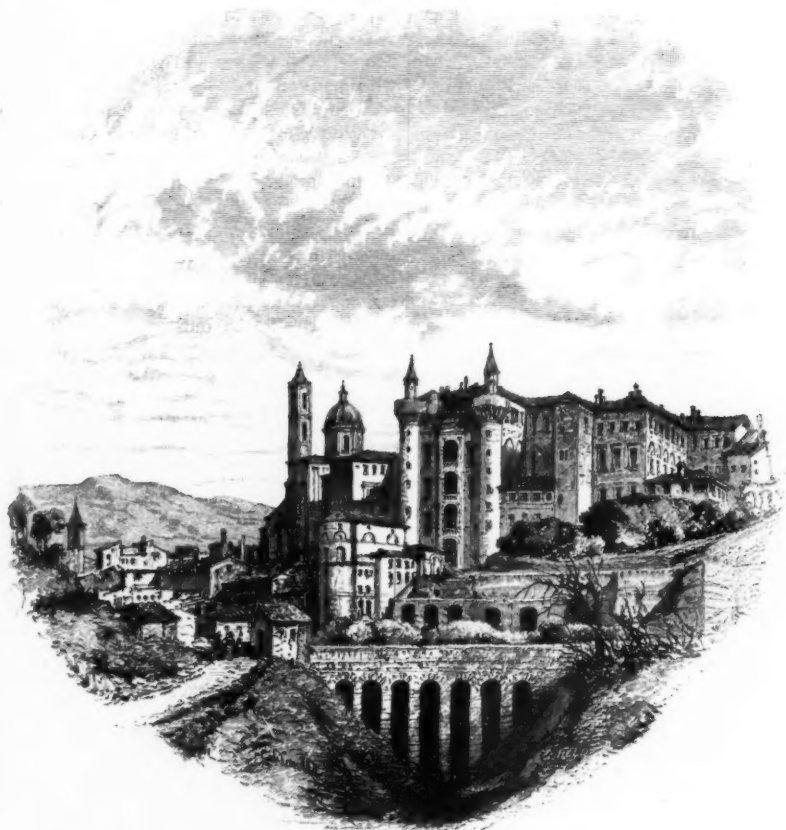
Altogether, our visit to Urbino was of the most interesting description, if I exclude the one unpleasantness of finding no room in the inn on our arrival. I trust those of our friends who may henceforth follow in our steps may be spared that. That we should have hit exactly, for the accomplishment of our pilgrimage, upon the very week of the *leva* (or conscription) and of the assizes, the only two conceivable circumstances under which the Albergo d'Italia could possibly be full, was certainly singular. But so it happened, entailing, among other inconveniences, the disturbance of a quiet domestic circle in a private house near the inn, upon whom we were billeted for the night, and causing us also some trouble in getting access to such of the halls in the Palace as were taken up by the formalities of the aforesaid public matters. But in this very misadventure there was a ludicrous element I would not have missed. It was something to observe at dinner the assemblage of dignitaries representing the law and magistracy of the districts, to hear the opinions of the jury, etc., etc. Something, also, to see the bustle and importance of our waiter, the factotum and genius of the place—a character in spectacles, of the student type, I shall not easily forget, or his excusing himself for every imperfection in the attendance on

our *eccellenze* upon the *furia dei giurati* having commenced.

The night before our departure, the good people, both within and without the hotel, who had on the slightest encouragement scraped acquaintance with us, thought it their duty to come and bid us God-speed, and we found, to our astonishment, that we had made many friends at Urbino. I can never remark gratefully enough on the kindness we always meet with in these out-of-the-way places. Our stay had been most fruitful and enjoyable by day out of doors, and the loan of an excellent history of Urbino by our student-waiter had formed the delight of our evenings. There was much regret in our leave-takings.



RAPHAEL'S HOUSE.



PALACE OF THE DUKES OF URBINO, WITH BIT OF TOWN.

The *diligence* was leaving before day-break. Southerners are early birds compared with Northerners. In spite of the advantage of starting betimes, the necessity of getting up in the dead of the night was not an unmingled pleasure. However, we

soon recovered this chilly feeling, enough to dwell very pleasantly on the past, and to promise to ourselves, God willing, a further exploration among the Apennines.

MARTHA CARELLI.

[Begun in the July number.]

BEATRIX RANDOLPH.*

CHAPTER XV.

HOW HER BROTHER WAS PUNISHED.

WHEN Wallie reached the hotel, he met Geoffrey in the vestibule. "You had better have stayed at home and built my cottage for me," remarked the former as they shook hands. "You don't do going-to-Europe well."

"I have something to tell—"

"I know all about it. I've been chatting with the lady the last hour. I'm disappointed in you. You should have married her first, and she would have left the stage of her own accord afterward."

"That was not the question. But how did you know—"

"That you wanted to marry her? I am only mad north-northeast. When the wind is in the south . . . But she's too good for you."

"The point is, that she is the daughter—"

"Great Scott! Do you mean to say you didn't know who she is?"

"Did you?"

"I? Of course; I knew the other one in the first place. But didn't she tell you?"

"Do you suppose," said Geoffrey, gravely, "that I would have gone to Europe if I had known that the man whom I saw . . . that there was all that mystery about, was her own father?"

Wallie stared at his friend a moment, and then laughed. "This is very sad," said he. "And, if I'm not mistaken, you were with me that day when Randolph came in, and gave himself away—However! what are you going to do?"

"The real Marana is here, or, rather, at the Albemarle. I want to know what she is going to do. She may decide to make trouble."

"There is one obstacle in her way, fortunately."

"What?"

"Well, it would be awkward for her to prosecute the sister of her lover."

"He is her lover only in the sense that he wants to marry her."

"What about that hundred thousand dollars he got rid of?"

"It is as I say, nevertheless." And Geoffrey gave his friend a synopsis of what Hellie had told him on the subject.

"In that case there is all the more reason for her to keep quiet," said Wallie.

"Then why did she come to America?" Geoffrey inquired.

"Have you seen her on the subject?"

"I have had no opportunity yet."

"Well, leave it to me. You are not a diplomatist. This young Randolph has got himself in a nice position! If Miss Beatrix were not his sister, or if Marana were not his lady love, he could take a hand on one side or the other; but as it is, he's helpless both ways. I should think he would feel tired. What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He seemed well enough, the little I've seen of him."

"I see—you think of him as your future brother-in-law," said Wallie, smiling. "But don't be too comfortable! That young lady is not to be played fast-and-loose with."

"Oh, I'm not comfortable!" said Geoffrey gloomily. "If I can make some reparation, I shall think it lucky."

"Well, I won't hit you while you're down, but if you get up again, look out! Where is this young scamp?"

"Up-stairs, I believe, with his father."

"I'll have a hack at him, to begin with. You may as well keep yourself to yourself until you hear from me again. We can't afford any more blunders."

He sent up his card, and was conducted to the room where the Randolphs, father

and son, were. The latter was walking up and down the floor, while the former stood with his back to the fire, looking as high-shouldered and dignified as possible.

"I am here," said Wallie pleasantly, after the formalities were over, "unofficially, on behalf of the lady who has been singing the past season under the name of Mademoiselle Marana."

"Mr. Dinsmore," said Randolph, senior, twisting his eyebrow sternly, "you are perhaps not aware that the lady is under my especial charge."

"I have known for some months that she is your daughter, Mr. Randolph; but no one is aware that she is under your especial charge."

"I do not understand you, sir!" said Mr. Randolph, fiercely.

"You told me, several weeks ago, in the presence of my friend Bellingham, who remembers it, that you had but the slightest acquaintance with her. And your charge of her has amounted to so little, that she has to-day come to me, who had no right to expect such an honor, for counsel and protection."

This was said quietly, but with a certain warmth and emphasis that abashed Mr. Randolph a good deal. He turned red, and opened his mouth once or twice, as though to speak; but no words came.

Hereupon Edward Randolph put in his oar. "Whatever may have been my sister's position before my arrival, sir," said he, "it's another thing now. I'll look out for her!"

"If you do it will be but a tardy return for the services she has rendered you during the last few months," returned Wallie, with a peculiar brightness in his gray eyes.

"I don't recognize your right to meddle in our family affairs," cried Ed angrily.

"Your family affairs are likely to be public property before long. I intend, for the sake of Miss Randolph, to prevent it, if possible," said Wallie composedly.

"Perhaps Mr. Dinsmore will explain himself," suggested Randolph, senior, in a less defiant tone.

"I wish to find out from you, before resorting to other means, whether Mlle. Marana means to take measures to assert any rights she may believe herself to have in

this matter," answered Wallie, fixing his eyes on Ed.

Ed looked at his father, but made no reply.

"And in case she does," Wallie resumed, "I wish to know whether you, Mr. Edward, intend to act with her or against her?"

"He will act against her—I will answer for that!" put in Randolph, senior, with decision.

"I prefer to answer for myself, sir!" retorted Ed, frowning upon his parent.

"Answer for yourself, sir?" repeated the older gentleman, excitedly. "You'll have enough to answer for, then, I can assure you! You will have to answer for the fortune that you have dissipated, sir—a fortune which belonged to you no more than it does to this gentleman here present. Where would you be, I should like to know, if your sister—your sister, who had never before been out of her father's house—had not paid your dissolute debts with the money which she earned with her own hands—voice, I mean, sir?" How is a good-for-nothing fellow who robs his father of money to spend on a loose woman, and lets himself be supported by his sister—"

"Father, Mlle. Marana is not—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! Never mind what Mlle. Marana is not: I, and everybody else, know what she is! And you stand there before me, a beggar, without a cent in your pocket, except what your mistress may have had the compassion to give you, and tell me you will do as you please! By the Lord, sir—"

"I will not permit any man alive to slander that lady," called out young Mr. Randolph, in a white heat of wrath. "She is a lady, every inch of her: whoever says the contrary lies! You may revile me all you like—I'll not say a word: though, as Mr. Dinsmore here told you, you abandoned my sister to the insults of all the blackguards in town, for the sake of the money she was putting into your pocket. Mr. Dinsmore," he added, turning to that personage, "you are a gentleman, and I'll speak to you. You see how I stand, and you can't wish me to feel more humiliated than I do. I love my sister—God knows it!—in spite of all the trouble I've brought on her. She has replaced the money I

spent, and not a cent of it will I ever touch, if I have to starve in the streets. But when I found, on landing in New York to-day, that it was my sister who had been taking Mlle. Marana's place, I knew I was done for! The two women in this world whom I love and honor, by George! are set against each other, and I, who would defend either of 'em with my life, can do nothing! After punishment like that, it's not your shrieking and stamping that can make me feel any worse," he said, looking his father in the face.

At this point Wallie thought the time was come to interpose. He had less sympathy with the father than with the son, whose chief crime, after all, seemed to be that he had lost his head and his sense of personal responsibility for love's sake. It was no more than justice that both of them should be arraigned for their behavior, and it was poetical justice that the arraignment of each should come from the other. But it had gone far enough, and was not, in itself, agreeable for a third person to listen to.

"I think the best thing to do," he said, "is to go to Mlle. Marana at once, and learn how she feels about it. The matter may, perhaps, be arranged quietly. If you'll come with me, Mr. Edward, we'll do what we can."

"All right, sir," returned Ed, whose fit of rage had left him in a very depressed and tractable state; "I'll do whatever you advise."

"And I wash my hands of you, sir!" exclaimed Randolph, senior, to his son, as the latter moved toward the door. But Ed took no notice of this farewell shot, and he remained pretty much silent all the way down to the Albemarle, where they presently found themselves in the private sitting-room of Mrs. Peters, as she still preferred to call herself.

She had been sitting at the piano, but, as the gentlemen entered, she rose and came to meet them. "I have the memory of meeting you before," she said to Wallie, as she gave him her hand, whose softness contrasted with the bright hardness of the jeweled rings she wore. She looked at Ed, but made no remark to him.

"I had given up the hope of seeing you this season, Diva," observed Wallie, with a smile. "You drove General Inigo to his wit's end!"

"That would be farther than I would like to go myself," she replied quietly. "I think he did not stay long there himself." Her beautiful face was calm and quite impenetrable. If she meant mischief, she meant it very deep down. She did not smile, but neither was there any sign of suppressed anger in her tranquil bearing.

"It is my fortune to be well acquainted with the lady who has been singing here in your stead," said Wallie, who perceived that it would be useless to beat about the bush with a woman of her calibre and temperament. "As she is the sister of your friend Mr. Randolph, I hope to see you friends with her also."

"It is my way to keep the things of business apart from the things of friendship," returned Marana, with the slow distinctness that marked her utterance of English. "Edward," she continued, turning to that unhappy young man, "Mr. Dinsmore has your confidence?—he knows of your—foolishness. Yes?"

"He's all right," asserted the youth, with a heavy sigh.

"Be so good, then, *mon cher*, to go downstairs a little and smoke your cigar. It is not three who are company," said she, with a certain aroma of tenderness in her tone which (Wallie fancied) was more involuntary than conscious.

"Now, *monsieur*," she continued, when they were alone, "after fifteen minutes I await General Inigo. Up till that, I am all yours." And she leaned back in her chair, and rested one hand within the other in her lap.

"The General will, no doubt, answer for himself—that is not my affair," said Wallie. "But I should like to know whether you perceive any distinction between his accountability and that of this young lady?"

"You would say, it is his fault, but only her misfortune?"

"To tell you the truth, Diva, the fault seems to me to be between all three of you, but less belongs to her than to either Inigo or you."

"It is not I who apportion the fault, mon-

sieur; but if I say the truth shall be known, then the affair must turn out as it will."

"But you know that the only one to suffer would be the sister of Mr. Randolph."

A slight movement of the under lids of Marana's eyes showed that she appreciated the significance of Wallie's paraphrase for her rival. "In our profession, monsieur," she said, shrugging one shoulder and looking aside, "we have the necessity to each defend himself, without regard of person."

"There are two reasons why people fight—one, to inflict injury, and the other, to get some advantage for themselves. Is yours the first?"

"Why should you assume it, monsieur?" inquired the Russian.

"Because, in this case, there is no advantage to be derived. And besides, though I can imagine Mademoiselle Marana wishing to crush a rival, I cannot imagine her condescending to make a question of money."

"I had begun to think that M. Dinsmore was too truthful to make any compliments," said Marana, with a leisurely smile that enhanced the beauty of her face.

"There may be more respect in what one leaves unsaid, than . . ."

"Ah! I comprehend that also. But—consider it; if I have spent all my life in trying to sing well, and then I find that some one has borrowed my name, so that her singing is thought to be mine—then all that I have done in my life is for nothing! We singers, monsieur, have only our voice; when that is still there is no more of us. If it is taken from us, we have nothing left. We put into it all our souls and our hearts, and we work many years—it is work and not play, monsieur—and we have many hard things, many struggles; sometimes we lose everything that other persons love, and love itself. Well, you see, I would more gladly give to some lady all the money that I have earned in my life, and my jewels, and my dresses, than I would permit that when she sings, the audience should say 'That is Marana!'"

Wallie looked down, and made no answer.

"You have reminded me," she went on after a few moments, "that this lady is the sister of Edward. Yes; he has very often told me of her, and that we were a little alike—poor boy, he means of one aspect,

one presentment. As for the rest, he knows of me only what I have been to him: my other history was not of interest to him—perhaps he would not believe it, even if I told it to him. But, at least, he asked me to be his wife, and though I said no, it was not because I feared that he might cease to love me because of what he might afterward come to know. You may laugh at it, monsieur, but I think he would still love me, notwithstanding all of it."

There was something noble and touching in the way Marana said this. Wallie did not feel at all inclined to laugh, and his face, perhaps, showed it.

"I said no," she resumed; "but later, when I found what he had done, I said yes, so that I might help to make right, and also because it is pleasant for a singer like me to think that she can give something to her husband in return for being his wife. But then he would not; in that he was like other men, who wish in every way to be the master. But yet, monsieur, there is time to think again," she added, suddenly altering her tone and looking at him keenly; "a woman has much power over the man who loves her, if she will use it!"

"I do not doubt it at all," said Wallie, meeting her look.

"Do you think I would have power to make him say, 'Well, she is my sister, but she has done what was not just; you shall treat her as if she were any other woman, and I will say nothing—I will help you?'" continued the Russian with a subtle smile.

"I really believe you might," Wallie answered, "but I can't conceive that you would care to have him do it; or care for him if he did do it."

"Ah, but with us singers it can be different!" rejoined Marana, bending upon him a gaze of dark, ambiguous brilliancy. "It is much for us to know, and to prove it to the world, that we are loved beyond measure—yes, beyond honor! It is a triumph, and we love triumphs—ah, who knows how dearly! Men do all they can to ruin us, monsieur, and the world laughs and gives us no mercy; do you not think it might be sweet to make one man your slave, so that he would do your bidding in all things, and worship you?"

"Are you so much in need of a triumph

of that kind?" demanded Wallie. Now, whether he so intended it or not, Marana evidently interpreted the question as a covert but bitter satire. She gave a little soft laugh, and arose.

"At last, then, we understand each other!" she said: it is much easier so, is it not? You are too clever for me, M. Dinsmore; you are not a man to be deceived. Yes, in this world, as the French say, *il faut accepter les hommes pour ce qu'ils sont—des moyens!* We singers, especially, must use all things for our protection or profit. *Tiens . . . drôle!* Did you think, for your part, you should persuade me to forgive Ma'm'selle Randolph because I make a fool of her brother? Bah! I am a business woman: business is not sentiment, I think! *Enfin, m'sieu,* I have enjoyed very much the honor of your visit; *foi de Ma-*

rana, vous êtes ambassadeur parfaitement accompli! but your little Ma'm'selle Randolph has a future already happy in the protection of a man like you: she will not grudge me the little that belongs to the true Marana! *Au revoir, cher ami!*" And laughing once more, she gave him her hand with a free gesture, and Wallie bowed over it, with a mingling of admiration and vexation such as he was seldom kindled to. He had recognized his mistake the moment after it was irrevocable.

"Well?" said Ed, getting up, with a haggard face, from his chair in the smoking-room, as Wallie entered.

"Well," responded Wallie, "there is no doubt about one thing—she is the Great Marana! I think you may as well come with me and see your sister."

CHAPTER XVI.

BROTHER AND SISTER MEET.

From the Albemarle to Wallie's house was not a long distance; but it had begun to snow, and the keen northerly wind drove the flakes straight into the faces of the pedestrians, and afforded Wallie a good excuse for keeping his mouth shut, or opening it only for monosyllabic answers to the questions which Ed from time to time addressed to him. With all his pains, he had undoubtedly bungled the interview with the Russian star—just at the juncture, too, when he was beginning to entertain the best hopes of success. How swiftly and effectively she had turned the tables upon him! What terrible versatility and self-command she had! With what a wicked roguishness had she fired that parting taunt at him about his motive in espousing her rival's cause! "At any rate, I'm glad I let her have the last word!" said Wallie to himself; but that was somewhat cold comfort.

He left Ed in the drawing-room, and went to find Mrs. Cadwalader and Beatrix. He sent the latter to her brother and remained in conference with the former.

Beatrix came softly into the drawing-room, and saw Edward standing near the farther end of it, with his back toward her.

She paused and remained motionless, gazing at him. Her heart went out toward him, and yet she shrank from him. She wished to be in full sympathy with him, but Marana seemed to stand between them. For when she had learned, from Geoffrey's letter to Wallie, that Marana was Ed's companion, she had been forced to the conclusion that the relation between them must be an unlawful one; and the circumstance that Marana, rather than any other woman, should be the person holding this position, had affected her with a peculiar horror. There seemed to be something wantonly repugnant in it. She might have prevented herself from definitely realizing the fact, had a stranger to herself been involved; but, Marana! she had lived under her name, and occupied her place so long, as to make her feel that she was in some way personally mixed up in the catastrophe.

In a few moments Ed turned round, and saw his sister.

The personal magnetism of eye to eye, with those who are really dear to each other, overcomes, for the time being, all scruples and recoilings. When, therefore, her brother gave a glad start, and stepped toward Beatrix with an inarticulate excla-

mation of affection, she forgot everything except that he was her brother, with whom she had spent her childhood; who had cut his initials on the banister of the old staircase; whose white roses she had worn on her bosom until within the last few months; by whose side she had ridden, and in whose company she had ransacked the woods—she found herself with her arms round his neck, kissing him, smiling with wet cheeks, and murmuring, "Dear Ed! dear, darling boy! Oh, I'm so glad to have you again!"

"How well you are looking, sis!" he said at length, taking her by the elbows and looking at her. She was, indeed, beautifully dressed, and her face was rosy with the emotion of the moment, and, passion aside, he cared more for her than for anyone else; but he had not the eyes to discern the traces of fatigue and anxiety on her face; it takes a lover to do that. When a man looks at his sister, he thinks of the past; when he looks at his mistress, he thinks of the present and the future.

"Why, but you're a great swell now, aren't you?" Ed continued laughingly. His temperament varied quickly, and without any moral reason, between extremes of depression and joviality. "I had no idea my little sis was going to come out on the top of the heap this way. I always said nobody could beat you singing, though; and nobody can, though Vera is perfect in her way, too!"

"Vera?" she repeated, glancing up quickly.

"That's her name—Vera Marana. Ah, my dear, I've got a heap to tell you about her! By the way," he said, laughing, "people here, I suppose, think you know more about Marana than anyone else. Well, you do look a little like her—that's what first made me look at her. But I want you to know her; I'm certain you'd take to each other! She's the dearest woman in the world, and as generous and good as she is lovely."

"Good?" repeated Beatrix, whose face, during this speech, had run through a gamut of expressions and now rested in bewilderment.

"Good? I should think so! Do you imagine I'd want you to know her if she

wasn't everything a lady should be, and a great deal more? You ought to have heard the way I sailed into poor old dad, just now, for calling her names. I guess he won't do it again!"

Beatrix clapped her hands together under her chin with a cry of almost hysteric joy, and instantly embraced her brother again with all the added ardor that can be given to affection by remorse. She had wickedly wronged him by allowing herself to imagine, even for a moment, that he, or anybody connected with him, could ever be anything but patterns of honesty and virtue. For fear of making bad worse, she forbore to explain to him the cause of her sudden demonstrativeness; he should be made conscious of her repentance only by the tenderness and observance which she would lavish upon him. The thought came into her mind, also, that, by her love for her brother, she could, in some degree, compensate herself for the loss of her other love—for she told herself that it was lost, and had been repeating the statement with tenfold diligence ever since learning that Geoffrey had returned to New York.

Ed, who was never particularly observant of the feelings of others, except when his own feelings were bound up in them, passed over all this little tumult of emotion without any suspicions, and, in response to his sister's eagerly expressed interest in the subject, talked about himself and his affairs to the heart's content of both speaker and listener. He no longer felt the humiliation and helplessness of his position so keenly as an hour ago; the companionship of this sister, whom he had so recklessly impoverished, and to whose energy and genius he was under such weighty obligations, insensibly began to put him in better humor with himself and his prospects. It is not difficult to take a reassuring view of our conduct and intentions when our natural bias thereto is enforced and stimulated by the sympathy of one who doubles the significance of all the favorable features, and brushes out of sight all the ungainly ones. Ed gave his sister a picturesque and stirring account of his first meeting with Marana, their mutual captivation, what she had said, what he had answered, what she had answered, and what he had said. He

made it appear plainly that his spending a hundred thousand dollars was a proceeding rather meritorious and self-sacrificing than otherwise, inasmuch as it would have been unworthy a Randolph not to make a splendid appearance in the eyes of the woman he loved, and amid such rivals as those with whom he had to contend; and, moreover (as he truly observed), he himself was the worst off of any of the family when the money was gone. "And, of course," he added, "I had no idea at what a rate I was going it; I declare, sis, I never was more floored than when dad wrote me that we were 'ruined by my criminal extravagance,' as he put it. Besides, we shouldn't have been ruined at all if he hadn't gone blundering down into Wall Street. That's the way the money went, after all, and I can't help suspecting the old gentleman is as much to blame as I am."

"Well, dear, that's all right now; and I'm glad the money was gone, since it gave me a chance to help. But oh, Ed! do you think Mlle. Marana minds much? She can't think worse of me for doing it—in that way, I mean—than I do of myself; but what should we have done, you see, if I hadn't done it?"

"I don't blame you a bit, sis—remember that!" her brother replied. "I'm proud of you; there's not another girl in the country who could succeed as you have. And it's a great deal pleasanter for me to come home and find the bills paid, than if I'd found you all living in the poorhouse—which was what I expected. All I'm sorry for is . . . However," he broke off, magnanimously, "that can't be helped. It's only my luck!"

"Dearest boy! do tell me everything!"

Ed heaved a sigh. "The sense of his misfortunes, dispelled for a time by the animation of his self-vindication and anecdotes, now returned upon him. "I'm the most unlucky devil alive, and there's no use talking about it," he declared despairingly.

"Oh, Ed! if you can be married, what greater happiness could there be?" said his sister, with a suppressed sigh for her own unimportant misery.

"Exactly! but we can't."

"Oh, you can! Who says not? Don't ever let anything prevent you!" Beatrix

exclaimed with great energy. There is sometimes a bitter consolation in urging upon others conduct which we would fain embrace ourselves. "If you love a person, everything is right and wise except to let yourself be parted from them. But that is almost wicked!"

"What must be, must!" responded Ed, in a still more hopeless tone, but not without a secret hope that some method might be devised to escape the inevitable.

Beatrix paused, thinking intently, and with increasing agitation.

"I believe I know what you mean," she said at last, with a deep undertone of sad affection in her voice. "You think you ought not to marry her because I am your sister—that is, because it is she that I have wronged. Oh, Ed, that is it; you can't deny it, dear. You would sacrifice all your happiness so as not to seem to take her part against me. I might have known that it could be nothing less noble than that; but it shall not be—you must not dream of it! When she knows how sorry I am . . . And she shall know—everybody shall know it!—I'll tell you how it shall be," she continued, springing up from the sofa on which they were sitting together, and pacing up and down, passing the fingers of one hand at intervals over her forehead and hair. At length she stopped in front of him. "To-morrow evening is my last performance," she said. "After it is over, I will ask General Inigo to tell the audience—or perhaps it would be better if I went out and told them myself—all the whole story; how I came to take her place, and who I really am, and all! After that she will forgive me—I'll make her forgive me, for your sake; and then, Ed dear," she concluded with a misty smile, and a tremor of the lip, "you need not be afraid to make her my sister!"

"It's splendid of you to think of such a thing, dear little sis!" exclaimed her brother, drawing her down to him and kissing her. "But it would never do to go to work in that way; in the first place it might knock all your popularity on the head. The public doesn't understand generous and elevated conduct, as I do."

"No matter if they don't understand it. I have already made up my mind to one

thing—I shall never sing again on the stage after to-morrow."

"What a notion! See if you don't!"

"No, indeed: I had decided on that before—before I knew anything about your affairs, you dear boy! The debts are paid, and papa and I can live in the old house again, and that is all I ever meant to do. Being on the stage is not pleasant in some ways; and besides . . . well, at any rate I'm determined, and when I am determined, I never change. And I will tell the audience so to-morrow night."

"No, no! I tell you," cried Ed, becoming lively again, "if singing won't do for you on the stage, speechifying's out of the question! You'd be like these Women's Rights geese. There's no necessity for it either. If Vera knows that you wouldn't feel hurt at my marrying her, I dare say she'd come round all right: the only difficulty then would be, that I seem to be in a certain way dependent on her. But I have been thinking, the last few days, that I'd go into some profession—engineering or architecture, or something of that kind; and then I guess I could be making money enough, in a year or two, to take the edge off the thing. I'm not a fool, sis, though maybe I have acted rather like one."

"You are the dearest and best brother in the world," said Beatrix, with the gentleness of profound conviction; and, on the heels of this moderate statement, Wallie Dinsmore came into the room and invited Edward to sit down to a cold lunch with him. "The ladies would not wait for us," he observed, "and it would be foolhardy for us to wait for dinner. Of course, Miss Randolph and Mrs. Dinsmore will pour out our beer for us."

Edward assented: but Beatrix, after a moment's hesitation, excused herself on some feminine plea, and refusing any escort or offer of a carriage, set out on foot toward her home—as she had accustomed herself to call it. The evening was now at hand, though it lacked something of four o'clock; the sidewalks were covered with a drifting layer of white, and the flakes still swirled and dangled downward from the obscure blankness overhead. As Beatrix, walking briskly, approached Madison Square, the frigid glare of the electric

lamp, from the summit of its immense mast, marked itself out on the storm like a gigantic tent of light. Warmly wrapped in her fur-lined cloak, Beatrix did not mind the snow and wind; they gave her a kind of pleasure, she felt strengthened and heartened by the robust pungency of the atmosphere. It reminded her of her winters in the old place far up the Hudson—the days of frozen forests and gigantic snowballs, and the long icicles hanging from the eaves on the southwest corner. Well, her work was all but done, and she might begin that life again as soon as she pleased. But could that life ever begin again for her? After all the events and experiences of this season, could she, in a moment, become Beatrix Randolph once more? Had not the name of Marana carried some spell with it, whose effects would never leave her? As she speculated thus, and her heart began to sink again, she turned the corner of Fifth Avenue, and came into collision with a gentleman who was proceeding swiftly in the opposite direction.

Her head was bent, her veil was over her eyes, the air was full of snow and the confusing dazzle of street-lights. It was impossible that she should know who this man was; and yet she did know at once, and she even fancied that she had known, a moment before the meeting occurred. And, first, a great wave of joy seemed to swell and murmur in her heart; and then she called to mind all manner of unwelcome and crippling considerations, and drew herself together in a defensive attitude. Physically, she stopped, breathing quickly, and removing one hand from her muff to keep down her veil. She thought that he would perhaps not recognize her. But a man can recognize the woman he loves by a glimpse of the movement of her shoulder, far off in a crowd—nay, by the toss of the feather in her hat. The magic of love consists mainly in its stimulating us to use our senses; and then we are surprised to discover what a marvelous capacity and keenness those senses have. The heavenly intelligence of angels can only be the result of the depth and ardor of their power to love.

"Mademoiselle"—he began, and stopped.

for he had never called her by her real name; and though he knew, now, what it was, it had no personal association with her in his mind—"I was going to find you," he continued.

"I was not lost. So you have returned, Mr. Bellingham?"

"I must speak to you—Miss Randolph!"

"Is it necessary, on this corner? A singer must be careful of her throat, you know."

"Take my arm. I'll get a hack for you."

"Thank you—I am doing very well."

She walked on, and he walked beside her. The facilities for conversation were certainly not good, even had the readiness been there. He was six or seven inches taller than she, and he was obliged to stoop, and speak loud, in order to insure her hearing him; while he was in danger of missing or misinterpreting the muffled murmur of her replies. But there was in Bellingham a great deal of constancy and concentration of purpose.

"I don't expect you to forgive me," he said. "Only understand that I can never forgive myself. Such a blunder should have been impossible to a man who felt toward you as I did. If I had been worth your caring for, I should not have made it."

"It was natural; you could not have done anything else: I do not blame you," said Beatrix, through her veil. Geoffrey did not wholly catch her words; he understood her to say that such a mistake was only to be expected of him; and his face fell. She perceived the change in him, and faltered out, "I mean that I do forgive you!" But a Fifth Avenue stage rattling by just then drowned this sentence altogether.

"I don't mean to persecute you," he remarked, speaking in a monotonous tone, as they walked onward side by side. "I didn't return from Europe for that. I merely wanted you to know. I used to think that, whatever happened, I could always think and act like a man who believed in goodness and purity. But I failed, at the important moment, and you may be right—it was only natural in me. For a long time—many years—before I met you, I had nothing to do with women, and thought as little as possible about them. You seemed to me,

when I first saw you, everything that I most wanted, and, at the same time, everything that I most disliked. It was the contradiction between what I felt you were and what I thought you were. That began with our first evening, and went on exaggerating itself until the end. That's my story, Miss Randolph. After all, it's only a long way of saying, 'I made a mistake and beg your pardon.'"

Beatrix heard all this, and the more she heard the more tormented she felt and the faster she tried to walk; but the sidewalks were slippery, and at last, in crossing a street, her foot slipped, and she would have fallen if Geoffrey had not caught her arm. She stopped, pressing her hands, which were clasped inside her muff, against her heart, and glancing this way and that, like a bird that knows not which way to fly. She was in just such a half frantic, half hopeless mood as often prompts women to acts which appear—and perhaps really are—insane. She knew that on the passing moment depended, probably, the failure or success, the happiness or misery, of her whole future life; she knew that everything was going topsyturvy, absurdly and gratuitously wrong; and she felt paralyzed—wholly unable to utter a word to set everything right—a word would have done it. What prevented her? In part, perhaps, the very urgency of her desire, which tripped up its performance; but what appeared to be the real obstacles were utterly trivial, material accidents—such as being in the open street, being buffeted by the wind, being obstructed by her veil, being unable to see the expression of Bellingham's face, because it was in shadow. The more despicably small the hindrances were, and the more out of proportion with the thing they were hindering, the less could Beatrix prevail against them. So it often seems to be in this world: it is not only that the mountain in labor brings forth a mouse, but that a mouse prevents the bringing forth of a mountain.

Bellingham, also, was wretchedly aware that he had ruined whatever little chance he may have had; that he had spoken baldly and perfunctorily, with a frozen tongue, although his heart was on fire. He could not help it: he could have died

for her on the spot, but he could not put into his voice or face as much life as would have kept a gnat in motion. It was all over.

"Will you stop this stage for me, please?" Beatrix had said, as another of those gorgeous vehicles came swinging and lumbering along.

"With pleasure," Bellingham replied—not ironically but mechanically. The stage pull-

ed up; he handed all he loved in the world up the step: he saw her fall into a seat, and then, with a jerk and a hoof-clatter, stage and all disappeared in the gloom and snow. Bellingham remained for a few moments in the middle of the road, like a policeman; till, recollecting himself, he saw before him the hospitable entrance of Delmonico's, and went in there.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GREAT MARANA.

The next night was the last of the opera season, and the *prima donna* who had attained such unexampled popularity with the New York public was to bid them farewell in the same character in which she had made their acquaintance—the *Gretchen* of "Faust." She had intended to spend the day as much as possible in solitude; she wished to think—to work into her mind and arrange the throng of ideas that were crowding one another there; to review what was past, to contemplate what might be to come. But it all turned out differently. She was allowed no repose from morning till night. There was a multitude of petty matters to attend to, many people to see. At another time, much of this might have seemed to her of no little importance, but now, all passed before her like a troublesome dream; and when night came, she could not have given a clear account of anything that had happened. There had been an unexpected and painful scene with Madame Bemax, who had fallen into a sort of frenzy, and grasped the skirts of Beatrix's dress, and poured forth a long and revolting story about the wrongs she had endured from Hamilton Jocelyn; had ended by calling herself a wretch, and declaring that unless Beatrix pardoned her, she would kill herself. Beatrix pardoned her immediately, with only a confused understanding of what she was pardoning her for; but she could see that the woman was in great distress of mind, and that was something she could sympathize with. She had seen Ed and her father, and Wallie Dinsmore; there had been a great deal of discussion, and some disputing, ending, apparently, in a sort of conditional reconciliation; but she

had been unable to keep her attention fixed on the subject long enough at a time to comprehend the bearings of it. She had also seen Inigo, who was in an agitated frame of mind, jumping up from his chair and sitting down again twenty times, asking questions which he tried to answer himself, talking about his reputation, about his fidelity to his contracts, about his financial liberality, and about Mlle. Marana, whom he alternately abused and praised, and between whom and Beatrix he seemed anxious to bring about an interview. Beatrix was willing—even desirous that the interview should take place; but nothing of the sort happened, and the inference was that Mlle. Marana must have declined. Altogether, the evening fell ominously. But, as Beatrix drove to the theatre in a covered sleigh, a kind of calmness, almost happiness, came over her. These regular meetings with her audiences had grown to be an indescribable resource and support to her. They enabled her to throw aside herself and her affairs; to appeal from the narrow and interested circle of her private friends and enemies, to the vast, impersonal, careless, good-humored world of the public, who loved and applauded her artistic self, and knew and cared nothing about her real thoughts and existence. How would it be when this resource no longer remained to her? She put that question aside; and the porter at the stage entrance, who attached great importance to the smile of greeting he received each evening from the diva, reported on this occasion that the dear lady had seemed to be in especially good spirits. Moreover, she had slipped into his hand a snuff-box (he was a Hanoverian, and took

snuff) containing, not snuff, but a fifty dollar bank-note.

A few hours before the theatre opened, Wallie Dinsmore had met Geoffrey Bellingham, in that general rendezvous of American celebrities, the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"I've been looking for you for the last twenty-four hours," he said, "but this is the last place I expected to see you in."

"Maybe that's why I'm here," responded Geoffrey laconically.

"I wanted you to dine with me yesterday."

"I went to Delmonico's."

"Europe has demoralized you."

"Perhaps. I saw Hamilton Jocelyn there, and Inigo. That fellow's a scoundrel."

"Inigo?"

"Jocelyn. Do you know what he has been doing? They had both of them been drinking, and it leaked out. He has been defrauding Miss Randolph of a part of her salary—about twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars."

"Then the agreement was for four thousand?"

"Inigo paid that to Jocelyn for her. Jocelyn kept back part. It seems to have been a sort of arrangement between Jocelyn and Inigo. I imagine Inigo allowed it, to keep Jocelyn quiet. It was a rascally transaction, as I told them; the fellow ought to be locked up. He's not to be found to-day, and I expect he has cleared out."

"Very likely. That Madame Bemax seems to have had something against him, too. But if this new Marana can only be pacified, I shall be content to let the rest go. Of course, you will be at the opera to-night?"

"No."

"That's absurd! You must come."

"No. Why should I? You have chosen to suppose that there was something between Miss Randolph and me. I never cared to undeceive you—it would have been giving the affair too much importance. But whatever there might have been, there is certainly nothing now, nor ever will be."

"If I was deceived, then I don't see why you refuse to come to-night."

"I simply don't care to," said Bellingham

abruptly. Wallie looked at him, and decided that the wisest course would be not to press him any further. They parted, and Bellingham went to his rooms, lit a lamp and sat himself down to read. But when the hour for the performance approached, he closed the book, dressed himself, and drove to the theatre. He could not resist this impulse. When he arrived, the overture was just concluding. "I shall not be able to get a place," he said to himself; "it is just as well." But when he presented himself at the ticket-office, the clerk, who recognized him, remarked with a smile, "Just one seat vacant, Mr. Bellingham, and that's the one you used to occupy the first of the season. Will you have it?" It seemed like manifest destiny. "All right," said Bellingham. He took the ticket, entered the house, and sat down. As he did so, the curtain rose.

The interval between this night and the one on which he had last been here enabled him to draw a comparison between the *Gretchen* of the *début* and this of the farewell. There was a sentimental feeling perceptible among the audience—the American people is fond of sentiment, when managed dramatically, and this, no doubt, had its effect on the singer, and warmed and sweetened the music of her voice. But, such accidents aside, it was evident that she had improved, though precisely in what respect Bellingham would have found it difficult to say. Her manner was less exuberant, more concise and true. She had learned her power and her resources, and used them with full confidence and art. In her singing, moreover, could be discerned not the music merely, but the human character which the poet portrayed. When she was on the stage, it was difficult to realize the separate existence of anything else; wherever she stood, she was the centre and reason of the scene. Every gesture and movement was an enlightenment and a gratification. She was always where she belonged; each thing she did, so nicely fitted the occasion, that the spectator fancied he had known beforehand that it would so be done. "This is what she was born for," said Bellingham to himself, with gloomy frankness. "I should only have been in the way. I'm glad I came here, if only to have made sure

of that. Such a woman should no more be monopolized and caged in domesticity, than a waterfall, or a strain of music. The mischief of it is, that I did not recognize the fact before!"

As he sat absorbed in her, and happy in spite of his unhappiness, he noticed that she carried in her girdle a bunch of marguerites. The discovery gave him a gradual start, so to say; he became only slowly aware how much it surprised and affected him. He had always provided her with a bunch of them, whenever she sang in "Faust," from the first day onward; often not without difficulty, for daisies do not grow in Northern meadows all the year round. Had she, during his absence, been procuring them for herself; or was this the first occasion of her wearing them since he went away; the former was much the more likely; actresses become accustomed to little particulars of the toilet, and are not at ease without them. Nevertheless, Bellingham could not banish the notion that the latter alternative might be the true one. Did he believe it because he wished it? Why should he wish it? It was useless to torment himself with such questions. In matters appertaining to Miss Randolph, he seemed to be swayed by an influence, a fate, an attraction, almost independent of his own will and reason. What could be more unreasonable than to suppose that this bunch of marguerites was a secret signal to him to come to her, to speak with her, to be once more all that he had been to her—and more! Had not that interview in last evening's snowstorm put an end to all such anticipations? But, again, was this the same woman who had vanished from him in the 'bus on that occasion? With so much difference in her surroundings, was there none in her? Well, she had betrayed no consciousness of his presence to-night. They had exchanged no glance, as sometimes in the former days. After all was said and done, however, Bellingham knew that he should find himself behind the scenes, face to face with her, before the night was over.

Inigo, by what he considered a bold stroke of statesmanship, had placed one of the stage-boxes at the disposal of Mlle. Marana, known as Mrs. Peters. "If she means

to make a row," he argued, "treating her gentlemanly won't make it worse; and it may just tone her down a little." But, whatever the lady may have thought of the compliment, she omitted to avail herself of the box. When the curtain rose, she had not arrived; and the box remained empty all the evening. This was of evil omen to the peace and friendly feeling which General Inigo was so solicitous to insure. He resorted frequently to the bar, though with no good effect on his anxiety. "Now, what the blazes can she be up to, eh?" he frequently asked himself and the elder Randolph, as the hours passed away. He seemed to think she was quite capable of coming into the house with a Nihilist bomb, by way of expressing her dissatisfaction. As for Ed, he knew as little about her as anyone else, though he had learned, before coming down to the theatre, that she was not in her rooms at the hotel. She had gone out, but had not left word where she was going.

The audience seemed determined, on this night, to surpass all previous demonstrations of enthusiasm. A cynic might have said that they had set their hearts on reading, in the next morning's papers, that the applause and floral tributes which greeted the great singer on the eve of her departure from our shores, were such as to outdo anything hitherto experienced. The popular favorite was summoned innumerable times before the curtain; and, at the conclusion of the performance— But, before the conclusion of the performance, some events happened which did not appear in the papers, but which it will be necessary to relate.

As the curtain descended upon the last act but one, General Inigo, who was in the side-scenes, received a card, which seemed to have upon him an effect as of a strong charge of electricity. He ran precipitately to the private door communicating between the house and the stage, where a lady was standing, much muffled up. She wore a black dress and cloak, and her head and shoulders were enveloped in a white-lace shawl. She let this fall open as Inigo approached, and disclosed the features of Vera Marana. She laughed good-naturedly, and gave him her hand, which he cov-

ered with kisses, while his eyes devoured her with astonishment and interrogation.

"Well, M. Moses," said she, "what are you so affectionate for? Have you pardoned me?"

"Pardoned? Ah! Diva! By Jupiter! Did you just come?"

"I was here from the first, but not in the box—no; one cannot hear there. I was away among the common ones. It was necessary I should know what she could do—this young lady—this other self! Well, *mon ami*, you may compose yourself. I have heard her; now I wish to see her—speak to her. Conduct me where she is, and then leave us. Is anyone with her?"

"Only her brother. Shall I—"

"*Bien, bien!* Lead on, *mon vieux*, I am in a hurry."

When he had brought her to the door of Beatrix's room, she made him depart, and then knocked at the door. It was opened by Ed. She made him a gesture at once of greeting and of silence, and advanced into the room, which was filled with flowers. Beatrix was reclining on her sofa, with a sad and abstracted expression. But as she raised her eyes, and met those of her visitor, she sat erect, and the next moment rose to her feet. "You are—Marana!" she said, in an inward tone. The two women gazed intently at each other, and there was silence for several seconds. At last the visitor said, "I have thought so, until now. But now, mademoiselle, it is yours, by the right that you have made it more honorable."

"Oh, no—no!" the other murmured.

"Yes, yes, yes!" said Marana, with a smile, which, however, was quickly lost in the gravity of her reigning expression. "You have surprised me," she continued, after a pause: "I did not mean to forgive you: I was angry. But your voice has called my heart out of my bosom: there is no one who can sing like you—no one—not even I!"

The tone in which these words were uttered—dignified, but profoundly pathetic, as of a great queen discrowning herself—touched Beatrix to the soul, and her eyes filled with tears. She shook her head, but she could not speak. After all, there was a ravishing sweetness in this praise, coming

from the one source in the world which there could be no gainsaying.

"You two ought to pull in a team," put in Ed. "No theatre standing would hold the audiences that would come to hear you sing together!"

Marana made a gesture of negation with her head.

"There shall never be but one Marana," she said proudly, "and she shall be the greatest singer in the world! Behold her," she added, with a movement of her eyes toward Beatrix. "As for me, I sing no more! I have been your audience, mademoiselle: I will never again have an audience of my own!"

"Do not say it! you break my heart!" cried Beatrix, and she glided forward, and took the Russian impetuously in her arms. "Tell her, Ed," she said, half turning to appeal to him, but not letting Marana go. "It is I who shall sing no more: I did it only to help my father and him. This is the last night. If you care for him do not punish his sister. Be yourself again—and be my sister, too!"

Marana drew her head back and gazed for a moment into the other's eyes. Then she kissed her gravely on both cheeks and disengaged herself.

"You believe, then, that I really love your brother?" said she.

"Yes, indeed! How could you help it?" exclaimed Beatrix warmly.

"And you, monsieur—what have you to say?" continued the other, letting her eyes rest upon him with a certain veiled intensity, the lids half drooped. "Are you also of opinion that . . . you are not indifferent to me?"

"It would take a cleverer man than I am to see through you, Vera," returned the young gentleman naively; "but I don't believe that I could be loving you so much as I do if you didn't love me back!"

"But would you marry me, even?"

Ed's face flushed and his eyes sparkled.

"Haven't I shown that I would?" he demanded, between his teeth. "Don't make game of me, Vera—unless you mean to be kind afterward!"

She stood looking at him, her head a little bent to the left, her arms hanging down on both sides of her graceful figure.



"As for me, I sing no more! I have been your audience, Mademoiselle! I will never again have an audience of my own!" (See page 511.)

"I mean to be kind to you, my dear," she said finally, in a low tone: "more kind than you would think, if you knew what I have sometimes been in my life."

"Ed, I am so glad," whispered Beatrix to him, in the little pause that followed; but the whisper was tremulous, for a sense of her own forlornness must needs insinuate

itself. "You won't forget me, will you? because I love you, too," she added.

But Ed, who was familiar with the expressions of Marana's face, wore an anxious contraction on his forehead. He drew in his lips and held his breath.

"I had given up expecting love when I met you," she continued, her bosom visibly rising and falling. "I am not going to spoil it now that it has come. For that, also, you may partly thank your sister—she has made me feel that it is good to be generous. You have never known me; I showed you only the best: it was true, but it was not all. If I were your wife you would have to know it; I should not mind for myself, but I should not like you to learn that love is less lovely than it seems now—at least not from me. Yesterday you might have married me; but to-day—no! My memory will be pleasanter to you than I should be after a while. We will say good-bye." She put out her left hand toward him and smiled. "Good-bye!"

He covered his face with the back of his hand.

"I can't bear it!" he said, in a broken voice.

Marana's inscrutable face quivered for a moment: she seemed to waver; she swayed slightly toward him as she stood; her lips parted and her eyes shone. But then, with a deep breath, she regained her self-command. She looked at Beatrix, as much as to say, "You must comfort him;" then she turned, with a sweep of her black dress, moved to the door and opened it. Bellingham and Wallie Dinsmore were just approaching.

"You are late, messieurs," exclaimed Marana, in a gay tone. "I have been offering my homage!"

Wallie looked from one to the other of the three, quietly observant. Ed, with his face averted, was putting on his overcoat and hat; he then pulled the brim of the latter over his eyes, and went hastily out, looking neither to the right nor left. Beatrix, with one hand resting on the marble dressing-table, and her eyes wide open, stood in a sort of trance. She had not yet seen Bellingham. Wallie offered Marana his arm.

"Since you are going, Diva," he said,

"permit me to escort you. You misunderstood me yesterday morning. Whatever homage I have to offer shall be paid to you."

Bellingham, thus abandoned to his own guidance, strode up to Beatrix, who uttered a cry; it seemed to her as if he had suddenly started up out of the floor. It had been his purpose to make a final appeal to her, and no doubt his words would have been eloquent and moving, and possibly they might have gained him his object, though he would have had to contend against the incomprehensible doubts, hesitations, perversity and pride of a woman who loves and knows that she is loved, and yet draws back for the sake of something—Heaven knows what! But, as it happened, not a syllable of Bellingham's appeal was ever uttered. For, before he could open his lips to begin, the bell rang which conveys the order for the curtain to rise on the last act. So he, perceiving that there was no time to lose, simply caught Beatrix in his arms, met her eyes for an instant, and kissed her. After that, it was too late for her to draw back, even had she wished to. She went to take her part on the stage, but she left a marguerite in Bellingham's hand.

Such is the private history of that memorable last night, the other details of which have been sufficiently described in the journals of the period. Mrs. Peters is understood to have sailed for Europe a day or two later. Jocelyn disappeared, leaving unsavory traces behind him. Mr. Randolph, senior, returned to his place up the Hudson, where he is occasionally visited by his married daughter. Ed entered the office of the latter's husband in the capacity of clerk, and is doing well. As for Mlle. Marana, the famous *prima donna*, she has vanished as utterly as if she had never had any existence. There are two or three persons in New York who are believed to know something about her; there are perhaps a dozen who know enough to look wide when the matter is broached in their presence; there are a hundred or two who have heard a report to the effect that there were some facts connected with her engagement in this city which have never been fully explained, but the great mass of the public

have never been at the pains to entertain any misgivings on the subject. They content themselves with looking forward to the time when that most faithful and enter-

prising of impresarios, General Inigo, shall once more bring out, at his new opera-house, the Great Marana.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE END.

BESIDE THE BIER.

Beside the bier I watched his rest divine,
While sunset faded and the moon rose fair
To light the chamber gloom with mellow shine,
And kiss the lips that love would hardly dare;
And through the lattice, from the meadows, came
The south wind like a seraph fluting low,
And fanned his cheek, and almost breathed his name,
And waved the pall's weird fringes to and fro.

O life I would have given for look or word!
Alas, alas, he could not hear my cry!
Caress nor prayer his wan, cold slumber stirred;
The wind and moonlight were as dear as I!
Done were our mingled days of joy and care;
Parted the paths we had together trod;
He on his bier, and I beside him there—
Each, in the stillness, was alone with God!

Fond heart, I said, if we must sorrow thus,
And only God abides forever sure,
Be over change and tears victorious!—
Love only Him while the sad years endure!
Let good or ill betide thee, wait as those
Dwelling already in eternal peace;
So life may, welcome, bring thee rue or rose;
And, lost in Him, this torturing pain shall cease.

Was it an angel's whisper earthward straying,
Or did the south wind clearer, softer blow?
Thrilling the silence came a sweet voice saying,
"By love and grief like this the Lord ye know!
And life and death are but His pulses' play,
As dawn and dark are but the rolling sun;—
Love on! through change, and tears, and death's delay,
For love and life in earth and heaven are one!"

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S CRITICAL WRITINGS.

AMONG many other addresses to fame, hitherto more or less neglected, that appear upon the lists of London publishers for 1841, may be found the following title:

"Cromwell. A Prize Poem. By Matthew Arnold." Of Mr. Arnold's poems I do not purpose speaking here; but I mention this title because it marks the beginning of his productive and distinguished literary career. Since that year of the Prize Poem Mr. Arnold has put forth more than a score of separate works; a sufficient achievement, as to mere quantity, for an author scarcely yet past middle age, and in quality and value deserving of more attention than it has yet received among us; and for such attention the advent of the author himself makes timely opportunity.

Mr. Arnold's writings fall without remainders into two classes: poetry and criticism. The whole body of his prose writing may be divided with considerable accuracy into 1. Literary criticism; 2. Political criticism, including his studies in national traits and in education, and 3. Religious criticism. This order represents approximately the sequence in which his works have appeared;* and it represents, too, a corresponding sequence of interests in the author's mind.

In the well known "Essays in Criticism," and in the "Lectures on Translating Homer," we have a good representation of Mr. Arnold's literary criticism, though not a complete one; but of this, as fairly well known among us, I shall say but little in

this paper. His religious criticism is well represented in the American reprints; his social and political criticism is hardly represented at all. Some of it, as his charming book on "Celtic Literature," or his chief work in the line of political criticism, "Culture and Anarchy," has lessons of special interest for American readers; but then it contains very intimidating passages about America—when, for instance, Mr. Arnold quotes from a foreign critic:

"The sound instruction of the people is an effect of the high culture of certain classes. The countries which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, will long have to expiate their fault by their intellectual mediocrity."¹

Clearly we have writers here who are not devoid of plainness of speech. The truly patriotic public, indeed, will scarcely listen to such hard doctrine as this. But for the intellectually curious and disinterested—for those of us who are hospitable to ideas, the most searching criticism is the most welcome.

Mr. Arnold's criticism is searching; and in putting its drift before my readers let me begin by asking what its general method is, how Mr. Arnold "orients" himself in respect to other critical methods? He takes, in a word, the attitude which he calls sometimes that of "culture," sometimes that of "criticism"—that, as he defines it, of the "disinterested pursuit of perfection." This attitude is easily discernible from that

* The following list of Mr. Arnold's writings, classified, may be of service. I have marked with an asterisk those that have been reprinted in this country:

Poetry:—"Cromwell," 1841; "The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems," 1849; "Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems," 1852; *Poems, 1853; Poems, 2d Series, 1855; "Meropé, a Tragedy," 1858; *New Poems, 1867; Poems, 1869; Poems complete, 1877.

Literary Criticism:—"Preface to Poems of 1853; Preface to 'Meropé,' 1858; *Lectures on Translating Homer," 1861; *"Essays in Criticism," 1865; "The Study of Celtic Literature," 1867; "Mixed Essays," 1879.

Political and Social Criticism:—"England and the Italian Question," 1851; * "A French Eton," 1864;

"Higher Schools and Universities on the Continent," 1868; "Culture and Anarchy," 1869; "Friendship's Garland," 1871; Preface to "Schools and Universities in Germany," 1874.

Religious Criticism:—"St. Paul and Protestantism," 1870; * "Literature and Dogma," 1873; "Israel's Restoration—Isaiah xl.-lxvi," 1875; * "God and the Bible," 1875; "Last Essays on Church and Religion," 1877. (A complete edition of Mr. Arnold's prose works has recently been published by the Messrs. Macmillan.)

¹ And by other things which, perhaps, I ought not to quote; these, however, are M. Renan's words: "Par leur médiocrité intellectuelle, leur grossièreté de mœurs, leur esprit superficiel, leur manque d'intelligence générale."

of those critics (always in how large a majority!) whose first thought is not so much what Mr. Arnold recommends, "to see things as they are, in order to seize on the best and make it prevail," as, on the contrary, to celebrate themselves and their own preferences. "The truth is," as Mr. Arnold says, "few people have any real care to analyze closely in their criticism; they merely employ criticism as a means for heaping all praise on what they like, and all blame on what they dislike."² What a clear glimpse does this convey of the false and of the true critical spirit! And I, for one, can believe Mr. Arnold's profession made elsewhere in the same book: "I have no such passion for finding myself everywhere."³ Mr. Arnold is really disinterested, and there is sometimes an almost pathetic quality in his claim of fairness. To that public of his, hard of heart, sceptical, suspicious, he must say, for instance, and say in a purely literary essay, "My very name expresses that peculiar Semitico-Saxon mixture which makes the typical Englishman; I can have no ends to serve in finding in Celtic literature more than is there."⁴ What a glimpse that gives of the British Philistinism against which Mr. Arnold has to appeal! It reminds us, indeed, of the treatment of the prophets in earlier times, of the hard fate of the teachers. *Jerusalem, qui lapidas eos qui militaverunt ad te!*

But Mr. Arnold does not greatly need commiseration in this matter; he is quite able to defend himself against on-comers, much better able, indeed, than most other critics; and by various weapons of defense and offense, as we shall see. To fair adverse criticism he is himself a pattern of fair temper. Thus in the "Celtic Literature" he says:

"To mark clearly to the reader both this provisional character of much which I advance, and my own sense of it, I have inserted, as a check upon some of the positions adopted in the text, notes and comments which Lord Strangford has kindly furnished me."⁵ Now, Lord Strangford is an expert in some of the questions considered in the "Celtic Literature," and contradicts some of Mr. Arnold's main conclu-

sions. But Mr. Arnold says of the theme in hand: "What we want is to know the Celt and his genius; not to exalt him or to abuse him, but to know him."⁶ We shall not often find so just a frame of mind as this among active thinkers; least of all among the *irritable genus* of critics. We may note in the domain of science a still more striking instance in the writings of the distinguished man who shared with Mr. Arnold this remarkable fairness of temper—I mean of Mr. Darwin. He, too, kept his conclusions open, however important they might be, however summary of a life's study. His chapter of "objections on theory" in the "Origin of Species" seems to me a wonderful case of fair intellectual temper; another one may be mentioned, that of Blanco White, who gave up his chaplaincy under Archbishop Whately on becoming convinced, and convinced through the letters of a strange correspondent, that his further tenure of the office was inconsistent with certain principles set forth by him in a previous discussion.

A similar freedom from bias appears in much of Mr. Arnold's criticism, and particularly in his estimate of the traits of races and nations. In his study of national characteristics he has made a special effort to avoid bias, and has succeeded so well that in this direction we can hardly think of any further step being taken, unless by escaping from terrestrial sympathies of whatever kind and observing as it were from the interplanetary spaces, like Micro-megas in "Candide." Some of his most interesting conclusions in these studies are given in his book on "Celtic Literature," in which he discusses the traits of different races, and their bearing upon national gifts for art.

"Thus the Greek," says Mr. Arnold, had a perceptive and emotional temperament. He was characterized by "acuteness and valor," says an old Celtic poem not named, from which our author quotes. In literature the Greek had a profound sense of *measure*; and in describing external nature Greek poets have a peculiar "lightness and brightness," a radiance of style. Of the Latin character the great

² "Celtic Literature," p. 169.

³ *Ibid.* p. 14.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 86.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. ii.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 72.

talent was power to deal with the fact. Precision and clear reason, sense for reality, were its leading gifts; and its fault was "excessive pride." Again, the Norman had also the talent for affairs as the main basis of his character. Its excellence was "strenuousness and clear rapidity," its moral defect was "hardness and insolence."

The Celtic genius has sentiment for its main basis. The Bretons, the Welsh, the Irish, are dominated by sentiment—they have its strength and its weakness. The Celt endeavors to express the inexpressible; he has a passion for beauty, charm, spirituality. The Gaedhil or Gaul, says the old Celtic poem, is celebrated "for beauty and amorousness." He has eminently the gift of quick perception. His defect of character is lack of patience with ideas, self-will and consequent ineffectualness. Thus in literature he becomes distinguished by passion, feeling and a certain power and "intoxication" of style, the magic of nature in his expression, as in Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Keats, who display a clear vein of the Celtic spirit. He displays, too, a "Pindarism," a tendency to curious refinements of utterance, and also a "Titanism" or rebellious power, passion and melancholy, as in Byron. He is great in poetry. But he shows inaptitude for the plastic arts; he can seldom deal effectively with their material difficulties; for meeting these, as in sculpture and painting, he is apt to lack the persistence and the training that are requisite.

The French character, continues Mr. Arnold, combines the Latin and Norman genius for affairs, the gift for "coming plump upon the fact," with the Celtic spirituality and quick perception. It is "an open and clear mind, a quick and flexible intelligence." "There is in France a sympathy with intellectual activity for its own sake and for the sake of its inherent pleasureableness and beauty."⁷ The Frenchman is the true critic; a pure hospitality to ideas, joined to a quick sympathy with the actual world of life, these are found more frequently, Mr. Arnold might have said, among the cultivated people of France than among the cultivated people of other countries. And the Frenchman, he adds, has what we

may call a conscience in intellectual matters; he has an active belief that there is a right and a wrong in them." As a people, the French have thus "shown more accessibility to ideas than any other . . . more readiness to move and to alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason."⁸

The German character has "steadiness with honesty" as its main basis. Its excellence is patience, reasonableness, fidelity to nature; it has the scientific aptitudes. Its defect is commonness, humdrum flatness. The old Celtic poem just mentioned says that "for dullness, the creeping Saxons are celebrated." But in the arts, both plastic and literary, it has accomplished admirable things, and especially in poetry. In that of Goethe we have, indeed, "our only first-rate body of contemporary poetry." Its main deficiency is in literary style.

Finally, the basis of the English mind, according to Mr. Arnold, is "energy with honesty." Its merit is strong sense and sturdy morality; its defect is the lack of clear intelligence, and its consequent contentment with routine and claptrap. The Englishman likes action better than thinking, and so has become unable to foresee the way the world is going. He has, at bottom, the German nature; but he has, too, "snatches of quick Celtic instinct that fill him with misgiving." Like the Celt, in the arts he comes short in the organizing gift, the *architectonic*, the organizing and combining power; and, like the Celt, again, he commonly fails in the plastic arts. "But now and then a Reynolds, a Turner, have accomplished great things even in these arts by the sheer virtue of their Celtic gift, the gift of charm and of natural magic." To this gift add their melancholy, their Titanic passion, and their genius for style, and we see why they have achieved the greatest things in poetry. Hence have come the rapturous power of expression in Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Keats, and the elemental strength and passion of Byron.

Substantially in this way runs Mr. Arnold's analysis of national traits in character and in art: and how suggestive as criticism it is, even in this rapid summary!

⁷ "Essays in Criticism," Am. ed. p. 213.

⁸ Ibid. p. 147.

Whether we accept the conclusions or not, this is real criticism. For in criticism there are two methods that are clearly discernible. One, and the commonest, is the reaffirmation of old judgments, the ingenious variation of commonplace themes; the other, that of research and analysis, the pursuit of novel or the pointing out of unfamiliar relations; the better interpretation, in short, of the facts in hand. Surely this is the more valid criticism. No matter how ingeniously the old sentences may be restated, or with what variation and ornament, they do not bring us on the way; they do not create for us what it is the business of true criticism to create, "a new and fresh current of ideas." Valid criticism must study the controlling forces of thought in the given epoch, it must seek to know the "Zeit-Geist," while on the other hand, it will not neglect the careful analysis of the individual writer. And while it will give new consideration to the established and famous names, it will, with Mr. Arnold, find equal pleasure in the less frequented gardens and closes of genius, in seeking out the delicate perfumes there, and the less regarded colors. What Mr. Arnold has failed to find in his literary walks we shall see presently. What he has found is of real value and interest; in politics, ideas which his countrymen were neglecting to their danger; in literature, he has left the beaten track of the ambitious critics to study names less famous than those of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe; he has done service for some timid spirits to whom fame has been unjust; he has recovered for us their neglected thoughts, and has given us fresh thought and analysis of his own. It is a thing quite as serviceable as reaffirming, after the set manner of some of our domestic critics, the prodigious intelligence of Shakespeare. Mr. Arnold's literary criticism is *real*; it comes from an unusual endowment of analytic power; from a refinement of perception, a range of knowledge, a love of ideas, a sureness of taste that are rather un-English traits. If to these we add the "energy" and the moralizing tendency which clearly are English traits, and the "honesty" which is not, perhaps, so clearly and distinctively an English trait as Mr. Arnold thinks, we

have a sufficient equipment for criticism of the most effective kind.

And Mr. Arnold has proved himself an effective critic in more lines than one; not only or mainly in literary things, but as I began by saying, in the diverse criticism of politics, education, society and religion. It is in the two last mentioned provinces that he has been especially busy of late years, and in the management of both defense and attack; for he has chosen the sufficiently serious task of pointing out the faults of his countrymen. A thankless task this has always been, that of criticising one's countrymen. As Addison says somewhere, it is an ill business trying to make the public think less of itself than it thought before—the complacent public which Goethe tells us "must be treated like a woman: it must be told only what it likes to hear." Now that is what Mr. Arnold will not always undertake to tell his readers: enough critics there are, and editors, he says, to tell the public what it likes to hear. On the contrary, he follows up his conclusions about the traits of nations with the most trenchant criticism of particular classes and particular individuals, English and American; he sets himself to the task of making his countrymen see and confess their faults. That, he says, is what both Englishmen and Americans need, much more than self-laudation. And to those who say, Why do you praise always foreign thoughts and foreign ways and blame those of your countrymen? he makes answer substantially thus: Of our own merits others are the best judges; let foreigners praise us if they will. But "glorification by ourselves of ourselves or of our literature . . . is both vulgar, and besides being vulgar, retarding." It is, on the contrary, our first business, as it is the first business of the individual, to find out what our faults may be: to examine what blindness may be in our energy, what pretense in our virtue.

And as to foreigners, we should not go about to blame them so much as to consider whether they have not traits that are well imitable by us. The merits of foreigners rather than their faults—our own faults rather than our merits—these are

what Englishmen and Americans require for instruction and reproof.

Excellent Stoic doctrine this, and worthy of serious attention; but how different from that of certain restless critics of our own; and, whether in England or America, how little suited for popularity! Enmity, indeed, is what this doctrine has brought upon Mr. Arnold. Those of his writings which set it forth have been a cause of stumbling to the many readers who will have it, after all, that their own country is necessarily the best country. What an ungracious thing at the best, they say, it is for a true patriot to find much good in France, or Germany, or Italy! This class of readers we have always with us. Then, again, there is the class of readers who are wanting in nobility of temper, who cannot understand such a thing as a disinterested conviction that crosses the grain of self-love, and how large a class is this in England, and even in America! To these people it is quite useless for Mr. Arnold to commend anything foreign; his preferences or yours, they will quite unhesitatingly set down to bias and prejudice. The fact that you have studied a given subject they regard as disqualifying you to speak upon that subject; they call it your hobby. To them study does not mean preparation, but prejudice. And how destructive is this temper of mind to anything like delicate perception. To such readers, what a sealed book must all fine criticism be! Upon this class of spirits Mr. Arnold's ideas beat in vain; a fleeting uneasiness of mind, a faint but quickly stifled perception that a play of thought which they are not following is going on before them—this is the whole effect upon such readers of this criticism. They find in it, and they can find in it, nothing but prejudice or affectation.

As a critic of religion, what is Mr. Arnold's position?

First of all, we have to recognize a disqualification, and one of a somewhat serious nature, under which his religious criticism seems to labor. It is one of the *environment*, and one, therefore, for which he is not to blame—namely, that he has had the misfortune, a great misfortune for a nature like Mr. Arnold's, to be born and

bred an Englishman. Doubtless he would admit that such birth and training are a misfortune for any delicately endowed critical spirit, because such a spirit is little welcomed in England, is much less welcomed than in some parts of Continental Europe. What Mr. Arnold might hesitate to admit is, I think, not less true—namely, that the delicately endowed critical spirit, like the artist, can scarcely reach a perfect growth in England. By anyone not an Englishman, it is perceptible that English thinkers, especially upon religious subjects, have more clouds between themselves and the light than Continental critics have; they are more constrained by the fear of their public; from convention and routine ideas they escape with more difficulty. Of course, there have been, and are, a few untrammelled thinkers in England; and not a few souls vainly "struggling to be free" among the religious critics of France, Germany and Italy. Nor, indeed, do we expect to find anywhere, oftener than once or twice in a generation, a spirit that has perfectly free play, and that reaches valuable results, upon these topics. But in England peculiarly obscuring elements cloud the atmosphere of discussion. Less frequently in England than on the Continent is there a free play of the spirit; smaller in England than on the Continent is the class of readers whom it interests, and the writers are fewer who are needed to minister to that class. The British public likes to set limits to every unusual inquiry; these limits vary in strictness with the times, but they are always there. The British mind moves as a ship anchored in a roadway moves; with perfect freedom up to the limit of the cable's length, but no farther. It feels the waves, it veers to each change of wind or current, and when the tide turns it swings round promptly and points in the opposite direction. It is never at rest, but it can never get beyond the scope of the hawser. Meanwhile, if I may continue the figure, the ship lies off a lee shore, and stormy weather is threatening; for a "disturbing spirit like a moaning wind" breathes alternately from the east and the west upon the theological roadstead.

Certainly many writers, for now two or

three thousand years, have made claims very different from Mr. Arnold's to the perception of "the genuine truth" in religious matters, and with quite as much appearance of justice in their conclusions. We shall not, therefore, find it very useful to talk about the essential realities indicated by any criticism; we will simply apply the more practicable standard, and ask how much of modern English criticism is significant for our time, how much of it has significance outside of England? There were the "Vestiges of Creation," for instance, which convulsed England with interest in 1844: had that book any more valuable idea than that of the analogy between the Christian miracles and certain processes of a calculating machine? and was that an idea of real value? Take the "Essays and Reviews" of more recent date, or "Ecce Homo," or the mild heresies of the Bishop of Natal, or the orthodoxy of Mr. Gladstone; what vital point do their discussions touch—those discussions that, each in their time, excited so much interest in England! Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi" and his pamphlets about the Pope and Vaticanism recall what Landor said about the same writer's criticism of Greek poetry: "Mr. Gladstone's two ponderous volumes on Homer open and shut on nothing new or important." His religious discussions appealed to English and to Protestant bias; but what is in them to appeal to the higher intelligence of English or other readers? To the unbiased reader, nothing. Their thought touches no vital point: it is all a discussion, if I may say so, as to whether Santa Claus comes in by the door or the window. Such discussions as Mr. Gladstone's on religion could never be attended to in a community whose *intellectual seriousness*, to use Mr. Arnold's expression, was a controlling element.

In England zeal abounds, and energy; even though honesty, at least in religious discussion, does not, perhaps, so much abound as Mr. Arnold thinks. But of fruitful critical inquiry for its own sake there is less in England than upon the Continent; and persons who are or who wish to be at the centre in respect of important questions in religious or political discussion,

do not very often go to England for information. Commerce, convention and insularity have been a little too much for the best play of the English mind; its intellectual processes, outside of science, do not seem of the first importance. It is only in England that one is seriously concerned to find out, as I am saying, whether Santa Claus comes in by the chimney or the window. Even the American, after a little rubbing of the eyes, now discerns this triviality in British religious discussions; even the American perceives that such devotion to ideas as the Englishman has in these matters is commonly a devotion to ideas of second-rate importance. There is something a little quaint, a little provincial in this spectacle of a public deeply interested in the doctrinal notions of Mr. Gladstone. And the careful observer will be reminded by those British writers, and reminded the more strongly as they are the more sincere, as in Mr. Ruskin's case, a really pathetic one, of the "limed soul" in "Macbeth," the soul ineffectually "struggling to be free."

Now, this limitation of the time does undoubtedly apply to the teaching of Mr. Arnold as an Englishman, though with less stringency than to most of his countrymen. But in respect to these matters Mr. Arnold may still ask, as he asked in the preface to his Poems of 1853, whether "it is impossible for us, under the circumstances amid which we live, to think clearly, to feel nobly, and to delineate firmly?" In respect to his fitness for his chosen art of poetry, Mr. Arnold need hardly have entertained that doubt. In his poems he has given us clear thought, noble feeling, firm delineation; and in how much of his criticism, too, has he thought clearly and delineated firmly! But in his religious criticism it is his fate to deal with questions not of the first order of significance, but of the second or third; he has to appeal to those who are interested, for instance, in Mr. Gladstone's opinions, rather than in Mr. Darwin's. Mr. Arnold has, undoubtedly, that "liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind" which, again in his own words, "is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion."⁹ To what greater results might

⁹ "Culture and Anarchy," pp. 196, 197.

not that "liberal and intelligent eagerness" have led him had he been trained outside of England! But now he says, and with far more sincerity than many of his readers will give him credit for, "We, indeed, pretend to educate no one, for we are still engaged in trying to clear and educate ourselves." This is especially the task for English thinkers.

Yet it is with more genuine purposes and with more tangible results than are generally reached in England in these inquiries, that Mr. Arnold has entered the cloudy province of British theological discussion. He has gained some hearing outside of England; in large part because of his transcendent literary skill. His literary skill is so charming that he could, I doubt not, make a readable essay on the usefulness of Dissenters' chapels, or interest even a French critic in the proper conduct of prayer meetings. And what a semblance of reality and warmth has he given to the "cloud-cuckoo-land" of British theological discussion! But these void spaces are not his fitting field of expatiation; and I for one am glad to see him, with a late book, the "Essays on Church and Religion," quitting it, and stepping down, as it were, with the light vapors of it still clinging about his head. Yet in that province he has found a real foothold, if a narrow one. His place on the field is the outer *pomerium*, the contested ground between the invading army of Continental liberalism and the defenses of British orthodoxy; and here he is exposed to the attacks of either belligerent force. His attitude is definable enough—it is even logical enough. What is this position that he takes up with so much seriousness, and which he defends with so much skill?

It is briefly this: Between the popular error, on the one hand, Mr. Arnold says, of the Continental liberals, with their denial of all instituted creeds and religion, and the error, on the other hand, of the popular traditional religion, there is still a tenable middle ground in what he calls "the natural truth" of Christianity. Much of our modern Christianity is mere illusion and fable:

"The miracles of our traditional religion, like other miracles, did not happen; its met-

aphysical proofs of God are mere words."¹¹ But there is, Mr. Arnold says, a "natural truth of Christianity" as shown in its great doctrines of charity, purity, self-denial; and this must survive, and survive as a tenable religion. "Christianity will survive because of its natural truth."¹² Yes, doubtless; but does Mr. Arnold remember that many other religions have precisely the same reasons for surviving? Does he see that "the natural truth of Christianity" is in great part the natural truth of many other religions as well, both of religions older and newer than Christianity?

Other religions have also their own natural truths which are quite as important for the student of perfection as the truths of Christianity. Mr. Arnold, indeed, admits the idea of human solidarity; but he goes on to say that the precepts of Christ "became the religion of all that part of the world which most counted, and are now the religion of all that part of the world which most counts."¹³ Counts with whom? With Buddhists, with the followers of Confucius? Not at all; it is only with ourselves that Christendom counts for most; with the other and larger part of the world Christendom is far from counting the most in moral and religious things. With the rest of the world, alas, Christendom is commonly thought to be peculiarly deficient in these. I am not saying that the Buddhist or the Confucian is right: I am asking whether Mr. Arnold does not forget his intellectual seriousness when he appeals to our own judgment of ourselves as regards our spiritual pre-eminence. So hard it is, even for the seeker of perfection, to attain a really catholic fairness! I think that any unbiased student of perfection, who may have given attention, even a little attention, to the religions of the East, will feel the inadequacy of Mr. Arnold's criticism upon this point; he will feel that in the culture necessary for this criticism Mr. Arnold has come short. Which of us can declare broadly that Christendom most counts, at least in matters of morals or of religion? Surely we cannot say that the beauty, the perfection of any religion is to be measured by any popular verdict. What do we know—what

¹¹ "Last Essays on Church and Religion," p. xv.

¹² *Ibid.* p. xxx.

¹³ *Ibid.* p. xxi.

does Mr. Arnold know about the finer thoughts and impulses which control a cultivated Mohammedan's religious life, or a Buddhist's, of the present day? Or, making comparison of common things, what assures us that the everyday life led in an English manufacturing town, or in a city of the Mississippi or Connecticut valley, "counts," as Mr. Arnold phrases it, for a more desirable or beautiful thing than the everyday life of a village in the interior of China? It is not proven that we of Christendom are so much better off in general than our Eastern brethren; or that our commercial morality and religion so far transcend those of other races. Perhaps, after all, our competition, our machinery, our bustle, our life insurance, our Mr. Talmage, do not "count," in any grave or reverent estimate, for more than Buddhist life and religion count, with their greater respect than ours for truth, their simpler life, their veneration for ancestors and for the aged, their religious rites, and the little flame of incense burning before their tombs.

In closing, let me ask what may be the culture that is deficient in Mr. Arnold's criticism? It seems to me that he has failed less in perceiving the errors than in perceiving the advantages of his time. What deficiency in his individual equipment, what weakness in his work, may be traced to his missing of a particular opportunity that was offered?

Such a limitation as, I think, exists in the case of Mr. Arnold; and it is one which I will not seek to define in a phrase. But I may lead to it from a passage in which, describing the study of human perfection, he asks what human perfection is, in what it consists. Culture, he adds, will seek the determination of that question in listening to "all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as religion."¹⁴

That is excellently said. But how many of those instructive voices has Mr. Arnold really heard? The voices of poetry, philosophy and history have spoken clearly to him and he has answered wisely. If those of religion have said less to him, yet he has listened with a finer ear than is often

found in England. But has he ever really heard what science is saying to us? I think not. I do not mean that Mr. Arnold's method is to be spoken of sweepingly as "unscientific." In one sense, indeed, it is scientific; Mr. Arnold claims to inquire and does inquire in the temper of science, in so far as he aims to "know the object itself as it actually is." And when that object lies within the field, for instance, of literary criticism, how clearly does he know it, with what penetrating clearness present it! But here we must distinguish in order to recognize the lacking element of his criticism. In the first place, it is not a knowledge of the popular science that is now in vogue. Popular science is, of course, a very different thing from the scientific spirit. Mr. Arnold recognizes the difference in the amusing speech which he puts into the mouth of Arminius in "Friendship's Garland."

That philosopher declaims as follows: "I, sir, as a true Prussian, have a passion for what is *wissenschaftlich* (I do not say scientific, because then you English will think I mean I have an interest in the sea-bear, or in the blue-lights and smells of a chemical lecture). I am, I say, *wissenschaftlich*: I love to proceed with the stringency of a philosopher." Now, Mr. Arnold would surely not be much helped by taking a livelier interest in the sea-bear. Nor do I urge that even an acquaintance with real science would supply the want of which we are sometimes conscious in his analyses. A real acquaintance with a given body of science is, for the literary man, invaluable, for it is a *feeder* from the outward current of facts, the current of realities from which the literary man is much too frequently cut off. We cannot well have too much of accurate knowledge, of the *wissenschaftlich*; and Mr. Arnold, in spite of a bad early dash of transcendentalism, has kept himself quite stringently, in his more recent criticism, to real things. Therefore a body of science is not, for Mr. Arnold, the one thing needful.

Nor yet will we recommend to him what most of his critics recommend, namely—greater precision of method, juster logic, "the stringency of a philosopher," as the unpleasant Arminius says. These things are, indeed, sometimes a little lacking in

¹⁴ "Culture and Anarchy," p. 22.

Mr. Arnold's method, and he often himself admits it, though not always with the inward penetration of regret that I should desire. Least of all, finally, will I complain with one of his more exacting critics, that he lacks a philosophical system, with a mechanism of "principles interdependent, co-ordinate and subordinate." Mr. Arnold seems, indeed, to have made some unlucky excursions among the systems, and in one place he tells us about one of these inquisitive expatriations; it was among the pitfalls of Benthamism. Opening the "Deontology," he says, he came upon the following utterance by the great reconstructor of society. Bentham says: "While Xenophon was writing his history and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretense of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience." Mr. Arnold adds: "From the moment of reading that, I am delivered from the bondage of Benthamism; the fanaticism of his adherents can teach me no longer; I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas for being the rule of human society, for perfection."¹⁸

And so, justly recoiling from the narrowness and fanaticism of the system-maker, Mr. Arnold returns to his own confessedly unsystematic way of studying the world.

But if we grant Mr. Arnold his undoubted privilege of being what he is, and if, again, we do not insist upon his following the methods of "science" in any of the particular senses just considered, what, then, is the fault that we are seeking to distinguish? As I think, it is this: that Mr. Arnold has not given proportionate attention, in his efforts "to clear and educate himself," to a certain order of ideas that are second to none in importance among those which we have had specially to do in this century; the ideas which came in with Goethe and Lamarck, and of which in our own day Mr. Darwin has been the chief popularizer. To Mr. Arnold it will be unavailing, and to men trained in these general scientific conceptions it will not be necessary, to point out their significance in domains outside of science, their para-

mount value to the critic in whatever domain of criticism, and their use even for the artist. For, the merely literary method, the merely literary equipment, do not now suffice the critic, even of literary things; much less do they suffice to equip the critic of politics, society and religion. For him something more is needed: such an insight as Goethe eminently had into those laws of life and growth which are now studied under the names of biology, evolution, persistence of force, and other terms which blind us to the power and beauty of the things they signify.

In the work of Mr. Arnold, Goethe's pupil, we find no traces of it, or next to none. Surely in this matter Mr. Arnold has not quite obeyed his own precept, to have "the best ideas attainable in his time;" and his thought in this respect lacks a certain proportion and perfection. What he might have gained by completer sympathy with these ideas we may see in the criticisms of Taine, of Renan and even of Stendhal, Goethe's contemporary: for these men, in this important matter, dealt with "the best ideas attainable" in their time. With what profound interest would Goethe himself have followed the later methods, whether in art or in science, to which his own mind gave so profoundly formative an impulse! With what interest, aside from that of his own relation of parentage to these methods, would he have observed the growth of that criticism which traces the development of arts, customs and religions as he himself traced the metamorphoses of the leaf! Whether we call these vital methods of study more or less "stringent" than the earlier ones matters not much; the certain thing is that they control the criticism of our time, and are beginning to influence even its art.

I do not say that the new philosophies are any universal solvent of the difficulties in criticism. The function of any philosophy is not so much to solve a difficulty as to throw it a step farther back. But these general ideas, while their value may be overrated by the younger thinkers of our day, are yet ideas that no critic can afford to pass by. They are really epoch-making ideas. And as epoch-making ideas they have long overstepped, as we should expect

¹⁸ "Culture and Anarchy," p. 45.

them to overstep, the limits of their original province in science; they condition all the best thought of our time. And if they do not end the difficulties in criticism, still they are a more effective solvent than that "natural stream of our consciousness" about which Mr. Arnold says so much—the natural stream of our consciousness having commonly been, on the contrary, precisely the current against which all valid inquiries, whether in science, criticism or religion, have had to struggle. It is not by going with the stream that the human spirit has wrought its triumphs. It is by struggling against it, by pushing its way to the hidden source of the stream, that the great discoveries are made.

Had Mr. Arnold been born but ten years

later than he was, even though born in England, he would have felt the pressure, I think, of the dominant new thought. Had his birth and training befallen in Taine's country, instead of Gladstone's, how clearly would he have seen the significance of these new ideas, how much surer his intellectual leadership would have been! It was not to be his fortune. It was in an English garden that he stood when the century plant bloomed; but in searching for perennial flowers he did not watch the new bourgeoning. And yet Mr. Arnold has brought us more charming and in many respects more valuable criticism than any other English critic.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Such, poet, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO one who is capable of estimating his view of things, and rising to the high discourse in which he habitually indulges, there is no writer more charming than Matthew Arnold. His style exhausts the utmost possibility of perfect English. How it winds in and out around his theme, as the gentlest tide which seeks the bay far inland melts along with its delicate touch upon the most trivial pebble of the obscurest shore. It may seem to a superficial eye, at times, prolix and repetitious; but it is prolixity and repetition to such purpose that we could not cut it from the essay without serious loss. For, in those very sentences which you think might have been possibly spared, there gathers the cumulative force that will soon break to your quickened sense in new point and brightness just beyond.

Such limpidity with so much force, exquisite delicacy, and so sincere a candor, were surely never before so well united. A steady poise, perfect serenity, with lucidity and unflinching power, are its never absent characteristics. It is said of Liszt, by a French musical critic, that he brought out upon the piano "accents and *nuances* which

have been unanimously declared impossible, and which until now have been unattainable." And it seems as if in some way, which we can feel better than we can explain, that Mr. Arnold has impressed with new power, since he has handled it, our English speech.

His paragraphs are works of art, for form and proportion, as well as in spirit. He gives his thought without obscurity and with a nice precision that suggests a mathematical equation. His generalizations are qualified and qualified again beyond the hope of entering your subtlest objection. He has the weightiest things to say, and he leaves nothing when he finishes that can possibly be said—except that you may not always, or necessarily agree with him in the conclusion. No work like his could be done without the highest, broadest culture, and yet no altitude or breadth of culture alone could by any effort compass it. It is all of it inflamed and informed by the breath of consummate genius.

Mr. Arnold's function is that of a critic and interpreter; but he is also no less a

poet. Probably among those who consider that they have literary appreciation the number is not yet large who read his prose, but they are a still smaller constituency who read his poetry. Let us see, however, what it is that he calls poetry.

In his essay on "Maurice de Guérin" he gives us, with apt illustrations from Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Keats, his idea of what it is the poet does for us. "The grand power of poetry," says he, "is its interpretative power—the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them." In another place he says, that poetry is "a criticism of life;" so that in calling him critic and interpreter of the high order that he is, I have placed him—as it were, *ex officio*—two-thirds over into the poetic domain. Mr. Arnold does not make the critical faculty, by any means, all that the poet is to be concerned with. He appreciates the fact that he must be melodious, and charm us while he instructs. In his verses on "Heine's Grave" he asks:

"How, without charm, wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightnings of wit—
Not by the thunder of scorn!"

The poet must be more than the clear-visioned seer, though he must be that first of all. He must, while he depicts in an unmistakable way, suffuse all things with his rosy aerial light. What he touches must be transfigured by an illumination from above. It may be that Mr. Arnold has not always in his poetry obeyed the canons which he would be the last one not to see, or to understand; but, if he falters at times on the side of melody and charm, he has voiced from his muse when he is happiest (and his felicitous moods are frequent), strains which neither Milton nor Wordsworth would have been ashamed of, and which touch the loftiest height.

His greatest impediment to more fluent luxurious form is the seriousness of his thought, which cramps often the spontaneity of his singing power. Like a mighty galleon, heavily laden, which we sometimes see grind the sands while struggling along toward the unfathomed deeps, his weighty craft moves on. It seems shorn of the

grace it had a little while ago, and which it is sure to arrive at again.

But if I am to choose between a great freight and slow motion on the one hand and inimitable speed and emptiness on the other, I will take the burden which was too great rather than the speed which has no cargo. To get away from a cumbrous metaphor, the popular poet must in some way appease the sense of spontaneous order and titillate the expectant ear rather than tell too much. Arnold himself writes:

"Some secrets may the poet tell,
For the world loves new ways;
To tell too deep ones is not well—
It knows not what he says."

It is hard to conceive of a more conclusive poetical satisfaction than that which Arnold attains in his happiest moods; and you find it in his very early efforts as distinctly as in anything he has written of late. I shall not be able to quote what I would like to; but, in referring to his early poems, who can read the sonnet to "Shakespeare" or that one "Written on Emerson's Essays," without the thrill which comes from a strong medallion-like picture? The lineaments depicted are informed with verisimilitude, and are instinct with life. Try, too, the sonnet on "Youth's Agitations," which belongs to a similar period:

"When I shall be divorced, some ten years hence,
From this poor present self which I am now;
When youth has done its tedious vain expense
Of passions that forever ebb and flow;
Shall I not joy, Youth's heats are left behind,
And breathe more happy in an even clime?
Ah, no, for then I shall begin to find
A thousand virtues in this hated time!
Then I shall wish its agitations back
And all the thwarting currents of desire;
Then I shall praise the heat which then I lack,
And call this hurrying fever, generous fire;
And sigh that one thing only has been lent
To youth and age in common discontent."

The sonnet form, which has the merit of holding the writer to a strict remembrance of his art, is well adapted to Mr. Arnold's use, who does not need it at all for its prompting to terseness and solidity of thought. At least, whatever may be said, he uniformly handles it well.

In a later sonnet, called "The Better Part," he fairly compresses the substance of a sermon characteristic of his thought; and in the one on "The Divinity," which

follows, the same massive fullness of meaning is achieved. Here he is the rare interpreter for us on the highest themes. He gives that acute criticism of life, which is the poet's necessary foreground, on the issues which transcend time and the mundane sphere.

In his poem "To a Gipsy Child," he does not lose the tripping melody which is commonly found with less austerity of thought. I cull a few verses from it almost at random:

"What mood wears light complexion to thy woe?
His, who in mountain glens, at noon of day,
Sits wrapt and hears the battle break below?
Ah! thine was not the shelter but the fray.

Some exile's mindful how the past was glad?
Some angel's in an alien planet born?
No exile's dream was ever half so sad
Nor any angel's sorrow so forlorn.

* * * * *

Down the pale cheek long lines of shadow slope,
Which years and curious thought and suffering give.
Thou hast foreknown the vanity of hope,
Foreseen thy harvest, yet proceed'st to live.

O meek anticipant of that sure pain,
Whose sureness gray-haired scholars hardly learn!
What wonder shall time breed to swell thy strain?
What heavens, what earth, what suns shalt thou discern?

* * * * *

Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Not daily labor's dull Lethæan spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soiled glory and the trailing wing."

I do not recollect a single poem that Arnold has written—hardly a liberal extract from one—in which he escapes from the stern inquisition of life in some phase or form. The sad mystery of things haunts him. If he pictures a landscape, even with the most telling and delicate traits, it is not done if you see only the picture (an artist's spontaneous delight); it must in some way be linked to problems that are insoluble, inscrutable. At least, as in the passage I shall soon quote, he must add the moralized turn. To use his own words—and apply them to himself:

"Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
His sad lucidity of soul."

These lines below from the poem "Resignation" afford a mild example of what I mean. It is not art pure and simple, but art for a broader synthesis:

"Here sit we, and again unroll,
Though slowly, the familiar whole

The solemn wastes of heathy hill
Sleep in the July sunshine still;
The selfsame shadows now, as then,
Play through this glassy upland glen;
The loose dark stones on the green way
Lie strewn, it seems, where then they lay;
On this wild bank above the stream
(You crush them!) the blue gentians gleam,
Still this wild brook the rushes cool
The sailing foam, the shining pool!
These are not changed, and we, you say,
Are scarce more changed, in truth, than they."

His high ethical conclusion in the poem of "The Last Word" has now been often borrowed, and must go henceforth into our most familiar and striking quotations:

"Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall
Find thy body by the wall!"

For the striking moralized vein in him—for Arnold's verse is a cord woven of various distinctly traceable strands—we must look back through an almost ancestral tie to Wordsworth. He has the wise sententiousness of Wordsworth, and as we have seen, and shall see often, he has, to equal perfection, his feeling for the whole and the minutiae of landscape. It seems to me he strikes his purest notes in the company of Nature, and that none other, taking him when he is at his best—not even his great precursor, Wordsworth—has been out of doors to better purpose, or drawn from Nature finer strains. To speak of this thing is, of course, to think of his "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gipsy," two related poems, the most plaintive, touching and pathetically tuneful that the whole range of modern literature—seek where you will—can be made to show.

If they do not take you into the open English air, and recall the familiar sights and sounds, the inmost voice and spirit of the out-door scenery, it is hard to see how human words can. The music and memory of these affluently luxurious stanzas, as they come tenderly forth, each bound to each by more than common fitness, by an almost magical texture and affinity, remain and linger, and will die neither in the mind nor to the ear. To have written one such poem, though nothing else were done, would give any writer a secure, an indisputable place in the highest walks of English poetry. The sweet sorcery of the poet's lyre may

come often and again, as it will from new hands and old, but not often, if ever, will it charm with a touch and tone so exquisite. How deliciously idyllic in the very opening of "The Scholar-Gipsy" is this melodious, even mellifluous appeal:

"Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill:
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
No longer leave the wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy brawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropped grasses shoot another head.
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs are gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen,
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
Come, shepherd, and again renew the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket and his earthen cruise,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here at noon comes back his store to use—
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day."

With this, as with "Thyrsis," there is a murmuring, meandering flow as of a cool June brook tinkling down through green meadows, which emits a soothing, gracious sound. You are lulled and entranced by the liquid melody, so gentle, so winning, so fit, so unobtrusive. "Thyrsis" is his monody in commemoration of his friend Arthur Hugh Clough. It has all the sweet intimacy with, and that breath of, nature which marks the former, with a fuller leaning on classic symbols and mythology. In these two stanzas which follow we get some hint of the flavor of the song—and I have no space for more than these:

"Alack, for Corydon no rival now!
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine among whose crowded hair
Are flowers first opened on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.
O easy access to the hearer's grace,
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields
Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain,
But, ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumnor cowlslips never stirred;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain!"

Mr. Arnold has done nothing more satisfying to the ear, more accordant with all that melody and the witchery of words could accomplish, than he did when he produced this poem. It is to make—it does make—a certain unforgettable landmark in English poetry, which you cannot henceforth pass by. It is a monument of the fairest altitude, and will easily come along to the memory with the "Lycidas" of Milton, whenever a new fine elegy is sung, or falls within the critical purview.

It is not only Greek imagery that Arnold shows himself so much to advantage with—he is, himself, a later Greek in much of his work. Swinburne said of him in the *Fortnightly Review*, that "no poet has ever come so near the perfect Greek; he has strung with a fresh cord the Sophoclean lyre. . . . He has matched against the Attic of the gods this Hyperborean dialect of ours, and has not earned the doom of Marsyas. Here is, indeed, the triumph of the lyre; and he has had to refashion it for himself among a nation and in an age of flute-players and hornblowers."

I think this is essentially true, and it is certainly spoken by one who knows what perfect Greek should be in the English tongue.

But Mr. Arnold's fidelity, perhaps, is occasionally too true. He is dominated by it to a disadvantage in impressing at times the Greek accent too closely upon words that cannot hold or transmit it. In a few of Arnold's unrhymed choruses his own ear catches, no doubt from association of form, what is not really there. He feels the true beat and music, as Beethoven, after his deafness, heard, by feeling the instrument he so well knew. But how are those who never knew the instrument except at second hand to catch the uncommunicated strain and rapture? I am not making a discovery in saying this; for it has attracted some attention from English critics. It is a fault, however, that is quite unnecessary to Mr. Arnold, for it is casual and not constant with him. He has written lyrical interludes often that will match with verses of Shelley or of Swinburne.

It seems from what we know of the "Empedocles on Ætna" that we have for once missed much by the author's destruction

of the full original work. We do not have it now as it was first written, and, if what we do have is to be taken as partial evidence, it is altogether likely that something was extinguished by so much excision that Mr. Arnold's admirers would be sorry to lose. Mr. Swinburne recalls a considerable part of a long speech by Empedocles that did not reach its present scant form, and which made so deep an impression upon him that he pleads with urgency for its restoration.

The "Empedocles," of course, is not and was not a drama, in the flesh and blood sense. Its force rests on the deep, solemn wisdom of Empedocles, as given out in his monologue, and in the songs of Callicles, heard from below. It is, on the whole, even so far as the hero is concerned, rather diaphanous: a voice or voices arrest you, but they have scarcely any real human relations. As Empedocles soliloquises, so he seems:

"Thou art

A living man no more, Empedocles!
Nothing but a devouring flame of thought—
But a naked, eternally restless mind!"

It is after this manner that he talks of the unsolvable scheme of things:

"Like us, the lightning fires
Love to have scope and play;
The stream, like us, desires
An unimpeded way;
Like us the Libyan mind delights to roam
at large.

Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To leave his virtue's room.
Nor is that wind less rough which blows a
good man's barge.

Nature, with equal mind,
Sees all her sons at play;
Sees man control the wind,
The wind sweep man away:
Allows the proudly riding and the foun-
dered bark."

It is impossible to do Mr. Arnold much justice in respect to his longer efforts by a fragmentary criticism, or by quotation that lacks liberal space, but a few verses from the final song of Callicles are too significantly fine to pass by. An English critic of note—not Mr. Swinburne, who is not always a sure critic—has asked: "Who that has once read 'Empedocles' can forget the voice of Callicles calling from below,

sending up its divine, calm music at that moment when the goaded philosopher has forever assuaged his spirit by a plunge into the crater?" After the fervid final "receive me! save me!" with what a graceful peacefulness comes the harp-player's refrain:

"Not here, O Apollo!
Arè haunts meet for thee,
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea."

And now come the final verses that I set out to quote. How musically their liquid flow falls upon the ear!

"What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments outglistening
The gold-flowered broom?
What sweet-breathing presence
Outperfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?
'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the nine;
The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.
They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?
They bathe on this mountain
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus
Their endless abode."

Of our author's narrative poems "Sohrab and Rustum," "The Sick King in Bokhara," "Bolder Dead," "Tristram and Iseult," much might be said; but it is not necessary here to say more than to assure the diligent reader of felicities in them of the first order. They have the poet's exalted conception, and the titles almost foretell their quality and charm. But I have sought, for economy of space, to dwell upon the lesser pieces, and one may well trust these for what lies beyond. Happy will the reader be who accepts the hint they give, and proceeds to the larger themes.

"Saint Brandon" embodies a pretty legend of the traitor Judas, who is permitted to leave his lake of fire every Christmas-day and cool himself for that space among the icebergs, in return for once having done a good deed—which was throwing his cloak to a suffering leper, whom everyone else passed by. It is told with something like that touching, mysterious solemnity that

you feel in the style of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

I find after I have skipped the longer poems, that I cannot embody in the limits assigned me what I should be glad to say of many of his short ones. These are some of them: "The Memorial Verses to Wordsworth," "Heine's Grave," "Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse," the two "Obermann" poems in honor of Senancour, "The Strayed Reveller," "A Wish," "The Neck-an;" and they are an inimitable, well remembered group, instinct with the terse illuminating play of a marvelously acute mind. How well Byron, Goethe and Wordsworth are labeled and described in the first! What a sense of that sardonic spirit which was of so strange and composite a mixture is given in the second! Incidentally in this last he takes occasion to second Heine's arraignment of England, in a passage that cuts its deep lines through to the inmost core of the theme. Nothing shows the rare candor and the exalted power of Arnold better, than this curious turning of the tables of criticism, and the use he makes of the exploit. It is good enough—this little piece of characteristic by-play—for reproduction entire:

I chide thee not that thy sharp
Upbraiding often assailed
England, my country—for we,
Heavy and sad for her sins,
Long since deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags;
We, too, say that she now—
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest golden-mouthed sons
Of a former age any more—
Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, genius and joy
So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
So we arraign her, her sons.
Yes, we arraign her, but she,
The weary Titan with deaf
Ears, and labor-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal,
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Well-nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate."

Mr. Arnold's force lies in its rare depth and clarity of expression. He rarely gets away from the dry, cold, intellectual light.

His austerity is persistent; you feel that he is treating serious issues in a serious world and trying to spell out the sad problem that confronts humanity. "It is the voice oracular that speaks to-day"—not less with him than it was with Emerson—
oracular, but inquisitive, too. In everything therefore which he treats, there is a glow of affecting pathos. It comes to the reader with a sense of inexpressible charm in that delightful poem, for instance, of "The Forsaken Merman." It is a piece of exquisite quality, and an almost unnamable savor preserves it as if in amber. That air of mystery, too, which captivates childhood, broods above it. Dear alike, says some one, to the young and to the old. Perhaps it is the best specimen of his perfect play of fancy, when he wills to be spontaneous, that can be offered. It tastes of the sea, and suggests Tennyson's parallel efforts without being indebted to them. I confess I read it with joy in his early volume; and reading it again to-day, find it in no way faded by the lapse of years.

Those who remember his "Epilogue to Lessing's Laöcoon" will remember that he depicts the poet's function in adequate verse at its close. He, in fact, returns to this theme, in one way or another, frequently in his poems; but here he and a friend walk through Hyde Park, and, while walking, discuss the limitations of art and the characteristics of the separate arts, as Lessing himself does in the text from which he proceeds. In the poem the author exalts music and painting, but gives poetry the first place—since, while it must do in a measure what all the other arts do, it must add movement to all the lesser traits. He concludes with these lines:

"Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare, teach:
To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place;
And brightest in their glory's sheen,
For greatest hath their labor been."

Elsewhere Arnold says, too:

"Deeply the poet feels; but he
Breathes, when he will, immortal air,
Where Orpheus and where Homer are."

It is this high aerial summit, the Alpine track, which attracts Arnold's muse. Its

breathing sometimes comes to us in burdened periods, sometimes in the perfection of melody, but always with a perfection of sanity and restraint. Some habitual felicity of phrase seems to be in direct command when the spell of utterance is upon him, and we wonder at the certainty with which he invariably hits the perfect word. He imprints his thought with the sureness of a mathematical line, and throws it at the same time into the most delicate shades. No subtlety is too delicate for his reach—none too trivial for his attention. He asks of the reader great things, and he contributes to him with more than corresponding generosity. When you catch the note and the rhythmic flow, you feel, as was said by one in laying down Homer, that you have been holding conversation with those who dwell upon Olympus.

Poetry like this will not be quoted much

in the street, or in the midst of secular tasks; it will but rarely greet you from the newspaper's hurried page; it does not fit a heedless promiscuous audience; but Arnold's verse, nevertheless, is one of the very few contributions to English literature—not more than half a dozen in all—which must inevitably be taken into account when the future and final verdict on contemporary English verse is pronounced. It has the impressive stamp which will not be permitted to escape.

Of Arnold as a poet, the following verses of a true but little known English poet—written, however, with a different reference—are happily descriptive:

To you the costliest spoils of thought,
Wisdom, unclaimed, yields up:
To you the far sought pearl is brought,
And melted in your cup;
To you, her nard and myrrh she brings,
Like orient gifts of orient kings."

JOEL BENTON.

NOWEL!

I.

Ho, boar's-head and wassail bowl—
Eat and drink, each jolly soul,
'Twixt the beakers and the tray
Slips honest Christmas cheer away!

II.

Apples plump and spicy ale—
Pass the jest and tell the tale;
Merry run the moments on
To sound of Christmas carillon!

III.

Viands gay with garlands fine,
Smoking meats and lusty wine—
Strip the platter, drain the bowl,
On high the ringing carol roll!

IV.

Holly for the wood-god, ho,
For the damsel, mistletoe!
Keep it cheery, voice and bell,
Christmas all hail, nowel—nowel!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A CORNER OF ACADIA.

"O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John."

—WHITTIER.

IT is always well to have a pretty title.

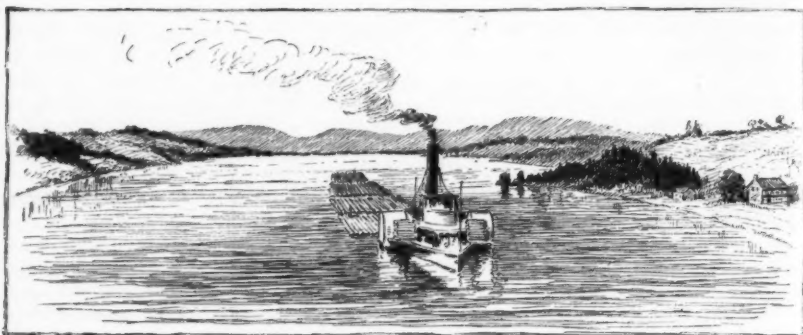
What could be prettier, I put it now, than the title that heads this page? It is a great thing to have an excuse to use that word Acadia at all. There is an enchantment about it, every way you take it. Put an "r" into the word, and it makes no difference. For was not Acadia Arcadia, if Arcadia ever existed anywhere? Acadia, where "neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows; but their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners; there the richest was poor and the poorest lived in abundance!" The "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" and Farmer Bellefontaine, and Basil the Blacksmith, and Gabriel Lajeunesse, and Père Felician, and René Leblanc, patriarch of a hundred grandchildren, and all the sweet Acadian folk in their Norman caps and kirtles of blue, with their spinning-wheels and looms, their peaceful kine and harvest-laden steeds caparisoned in brilliant-painted, betasseled wooden saddles, their nut-brown, home-brewed ale, their wayside shrines, and the harmony of their life sung by the sounds of Angelus bells, of murmuring pines and hemlocks, and of the "deep-voiced neighboring ocean"—where was Arcadia, I ask, if it was not here? The shepherds and shepherdesses, dancing to the music of Pan-pipes in the Thracian valleys, are dim *simulacra* to our eyes with the vapor of Time rolling between them and us. But here, in commonplace, modern Canada-America,* one can converse with the children's children of the Acadians, and, listening to the same quaint Norman patois

that Father Felician preached his homilies in, or marveling at the graceful courtesy of gray-haired men and home-returning school-children, can feel that Acadie—or Arcady—once had an actual existence. Yes; gone, alack, though Acadia is; though a new and ruder race have usurped its fields; though cubiform frame-houses, tanneries, ship-yards, lumber-yards, steam sawmills, railroad stations, shoe factories and the electric light have supplanted in the landscape the Normandy gables and dormer-windows and chimneys with gilded vanes, the same as in Henri Quatre's day—yet it is something to have been in the Acadian land, to have some shadow of pretense for saying, *Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Acadie!* (if not Arcadie) anyway. Such is the magic of a name and the virtue of a pretty title! There is wisdom in the choice. It enables one to spread one's-self as much as one likes.

However, the reader need not feel the least alarmed. The foregoing rhapsody is not intended as a preface to any of that kind of spreading. There is no need to fall back on the material thus afforded—which can be had cheaply enough in the guide-books—while there is plenty of other stuff at hand. The difficulty in my case is that there is too much of other excellent stuff to make it easy to choose what of it to give when one must confine one's-self to a short letter, and when one must write out of the fullness of a thankful heart and of a very fat note-book. Not all Acadia, but the veriest corner of it, can I deal with here. Some other time, either this or some other goose-quill may celebrate in immortal magazine article the glories of the Acadia of to-day.

I am writing now in St. John, New Brunswick. From my window I can look, through

* When Acadia was divided from Canada it was described as bounded on the north by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the east by the Atlantic, south by the River Kennebec and west by the Province of Canada.



THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

the branches of a wind-swayed pine-tree, over a pleasant lawn or two, over the steep streets and the smoke of the solid city, and over Navy Island, breasting the swift-running current, upon the very spot whereon, two centuries and a half ago, stood the fortress, renowned in song and story, for Madame de la Tour's heroic defense of it. Behind rise the Carleton Heights, on the highest of which, above the tall mill and factory chimneys, stands a Martello tower, which has been a source of much conjecture to me, since every St. Johnite, without exception, whom I have spoken to, describes this tower with a remarkable identity of phrase that I cannot account for, except it be a quotation, as "a venerable and picturesque stone structure which gives an antique and feudal air to the landscape." To my left stretches away the Bay of Fundy, truly "a barque-bearing sea," and as it is a clear day, with none of the native fog around, Nova Scotia, a straggling blue line, is visible out on the far horizon. I look from the view to my scattered notes, and find that, to begin with, I have set this down, after much observation, as my impression of this part of the world in general.

Here is a very paradise for the sportsman. The long-lipped moose, the antlered caribou, the "grim, taciturn bear" and other royal game are to be met with in all the woods of New Brunswick and Northern Maine. I have talked with one mighty hunter who shot seven *bears* to his own gun last season! The salmon do abound in the lakes and streams. One can enjoy the po-

etry of the motion of a bark canoe, going down the Miramichi, and feed a whole camping party on the produce of a single rod. There is a doughty knight of the lancewood shaft in Fredericton on whose record for last year stand these three items: Twenty salmon and grilse caught with the fly in one afternoon; five full-grown salmon caught with the fly in one hour (and a sixth hooked but lost); sixty salmon caught with the fly in a fortnight. The succulent whitefish, which to some palates taste superior to trout or salmon, and the toque or toledi are to be speared in the Upper St. John, while trout of all sizes respond to the bait and fly in big battalions in the same and many another river. Duck are to be shot along all the coasts and partridge everywhere. It is above all things a region for "roughing it," for plunges aside from the rush of civilization into the deep peace of virgin woods, the solitude of cliff-bound lakes, the music of brooks and rivers, and the hunter-life of primitive man. The scenery is glorious, both in variety and beauty. It is a scenery of mountain, wood and lake and stream and sea—which includes such splendors as those of the Grand Falls of the St. John, such amazing views of hundreds of miles of forest wilds as that from the rocky summit of Bald Head, and such a dazzling kaleidoscope of sea-scapes as the whole coast line of the Eastern provinces frowns and sparkles with. Human nature, too, lends its color to the picture, in types like the New Brunswick backwoodsman, lithe, knightly giant of the lumber region, and, like the

quaint *habitans*, scattered here and there, picturesque but faded remnants of the happy people who once dwelt by the Basin of Minas.

Such is the country in general. But the part of it that I am now particularly dealing



BEACON LIGHT AT LOW TIDE, ST. JOHN HARBOR.

with—the city and neighborhood of St. John itself—has its own and not less interesting peculiarities.

There can be nothing finer, in its way, than a short trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. You embark at Indiantown, above the rapids, and sail out into the stream, moving past a high overhanging cliff, fir-crowned, with limekilns nestling snugly on little beaches at its base. There is a keen breeze that makes you feel the need of an overcoat even in August, when the thermometer is in the nineties on Manhattan Island. The boat is lively with a mixed company of passengers bound for any landing stage or station between Indiantown and Grand Falls, or even Edmundston—for the river is a favorite route, as far as it is available—to all points in the neighboring interior. There are farmers and farmers' wives, homeward-bound from market, clad in stuffs woven beneath their own roof-tree, those famed Canadian homespuns which make such excellent coats or petticoats. Some river fishermen, in short white-flannel jackets, very like what the fishermen and peasants in Connaught wear, are look-

ing over purchases in salmon-spears and gaffs and trawling nets. An occasional face with the Indian cast looks up from beneath an oddly-decorated straw-hat; and, by a rare chance, there may be a quiet little group apart in a corner whose antiquated earrings and strange speech—uttered in half-whispers—and dullness of look, would betray them to the expert eye as *habitans* from Edmundston. Commonplace people are plenty enough.

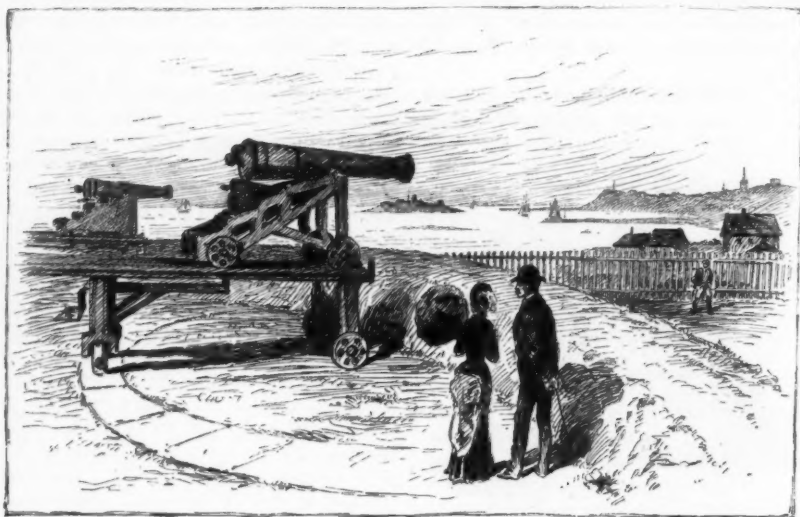
The St. John is a lordly river where the Kennebecis* joins it and they both go down together, like lovers who have long been parted, to finish the journey of their lives linked in each other's embrace. It is a short journey, for they meet so near its end that their waters are brackish—it might be with the bitterness of the weary separation. The Kennebecis, which at this point is reputed the paragon of a boat-racing course, sweeps slow and stately and with feminine grace around many a woody hill of soft outline and many a sloping cliff; while the St. John, broad and lordly, marches on. A little higher up, the St. John itself winds among its sometimes high, sometimes undulating, banks, so that much of the way it looks less like a river than a lake. The land is mostly densely wooded, the foliage of pine and larch and fir and maple, waving gently in the breeze, and everywhere the predominant pine and fir strongly marking the Canadian contour of the forests. Peaceful banks they are, with here and there a quiet



MARTELLO TOWER, ST. JOHN.

homestead reposing among their curves, and here and there a rustic-looking light-

* They pronounce it Kennebecaysis, but "sis" is the Indian diminutive, the word meaning "the little Kennebec," and being properly spelled as I give it.



OLD FORT AT THE BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

house out on a point, warning of shallows. Here and there, too, a tiny, sedge-bordered island, the grass on which grows so richly that they have to cut it four times a year, glistens like an emerald on the breast of the stream. What a highway this splendid river ought to be—but is not—is faintly suggested by the occasional three-masted schooner slowly tacking against the current, the lazy fishing-luggers, and the little steamers puffing cityward with heavy lumber-tows.

We get ashore at a landing-stage and ramble up a laneway overshadowed with foliage, through which we catch glimpses of rustic people working in fields; of farmyards in which primitive plows and hay-rakes lie about, and of veritable Normandy wains; and surely that is Normandy trimming—these rosettes around the bend and these bunches of fluttering ribbons—on the hats of the swarthy wagoners! What, I wonder, can be the genealogy of those wains and head-dresses? There was a complete team down at the landing-stage—a driver with the curious head-dress, a low, railed wagon and a yoke of oxen—such a team as one might see crawling with a load of vine-boughs up some hill in Aquitaine. Only it was not vine-boughs, but squashes and cabbages with which

the wagon was laden, and the driver had a half-breed Canadian Indian and not a Norman type of face. What a curious combination! Could this wain and head-dress be one of the tokens dropped by Acadia in its flight? At the landing-stage, too, a stout fellow was exhibiting with pardonable pride a new invention that illustrated the strange evolution the equestrian chariot undergoes. This was a *three-wheeled* trap, hung on springs, with a single wheel working on a pivot in front and hung so low that its body almost touched the ground. It was the queerest-looking affair, suggesting a cross between a Bath-chair and a St. John "sloven." I did not rightly catch what was the supposed virtue, if any, of the single front wheel; but its owner drove the vehicle round and round for the benefit of the bystanders, all the time while they were waiting for the down-boat. When it was suggested to him that he should take out a patent for the affair and put it on view in the Cooper Institute, New York, he grinned and said: "No, thankee; but I'll show it at the exhibition in St. John next month." After all, was not this man to be envied his delight—his just delight, as one of the benefactors of mankind?

A hoarse whistle gives warning that the down-boat is behind a bend. When she comes alongside we go aboard with the squashes and the cabbages. The passen-



A WAGONER.

gers are fewer going down stream, this being the afternoon boat. That river breeze has conduced to appetite; so we test the fare of the day-boat, and, having the best sauce in the world, find it not bad. In fact, we enjoy dinner, as we smoothly drop down in the evening past the scenes we had studied earlier in the day. We had as our fellow-guests a curious pair of gentlemen, evidently of the farming or cattle dealing class, who seemed mightily offended that we did not partake of a black volcano-crater-looking dish, the basis of which appeared to be burnt huckleberries. With these gentlemen, too, the waiter—a tall, bronzed individual that I took to be a half-breed—had quite a tiff which enlivened the down-stream trip considerably. The difficulty seemed to be about the payment for the dinner; and the waiter seemed to take the matter as an offense personal to himself. "D'yez mane to insult me?" we could hear him exclaiming at the steward's desk, in an accent that dispelled all my half-breed suspicions, "ye pair of Blue Nose *dhalteens*!" The others replied something we could not catch. Then there was a very brisk interchange of rich emphatic vocabularies, which lasted some moments until the waiter's voice got very high and the steward uttered something about "ladies." Thereupon the waiter dropped his voice and hissed through his teeth, in a tone expressive of withering sarcasm and suppressed passion, the following invitation: "Perhaps yez would obleege me, gentlemen, be just steppin' out-

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side the saloon until I tease yez for a little while. I just want to trouble yez be batin' yez both around the boat till yez are so black and blue that yer own dear mammas will have a difficulty in recognizing yez. D'ye hear, ye —" The intervention of a very fat engineer, the steward and some of the crew, brought the scene to a close, and the waiter, having expended his indignant wrath, returned to the saloon with a lofty sneer on his countenance. While polishing a plate with great vigor he came over to us, still wearing the sneer, and said, "With apologies for that little matter, but unless yez keep a stiff upper lip with sich customers as that, the line of steamboats couldn't live. Yez have to do it, or bust into bankruptcy. I know that pair well. They'd skin a 'skeeter for the sake of his hide. They kem from Aberdeen!" He uttered the last statement as if it clinched everything.

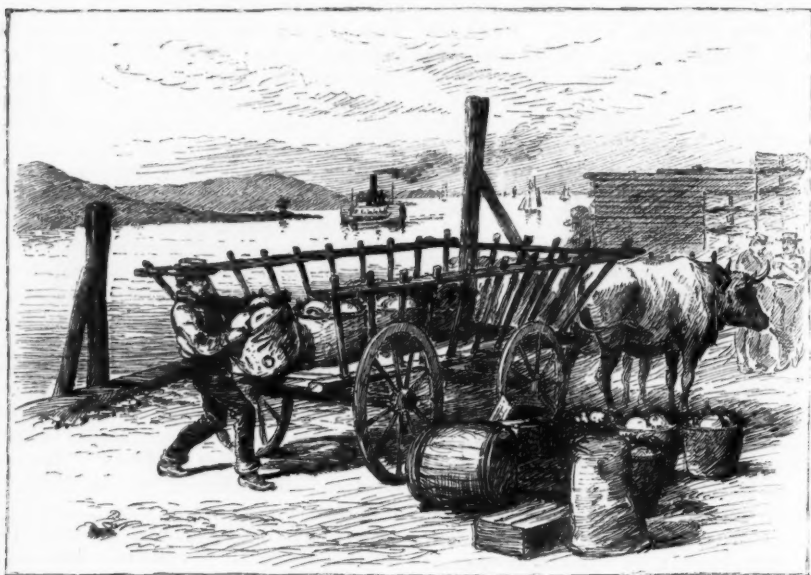
Back again at Indiantown we heave to and disembark. If you desire a little violent exercise which will give you "a good shaking up," you can do no better than take here an "army-worm" for a ride up and down the cliff-like streets of St. John, hewn, as they are, out of the solid rock. "Army-worms" is what the hack-coaches of St. John are called. Why "army" I cannot say, except the antique horse and vehicle be a genuine relic of the armies of the Revolution, which seems quite possible. The philology of "worm," as referring to the pace, is patent enough.

When the tide serves one may shoot the rapids below Indiantown in almost any kind of craft. The St. John River is four



AN ARMY-WORM.

hundred and fifty miles long; numerous tributaries, big and little, empty their contents into its stream and give it altogether a navigable length of eight hundred miles.



LANDING-STAGE ON THE ST. JOHN.

Fancy this great mass of water being discharged into the sea through a rocky gorge which, at one point, is not quite four hundred and fifty feet wide! The scene is striking when, at low tide, the foaming volume sweeps through with tremendous swirl. The walls of the gorge are steep and impressive, and they are spanned by a very graceful suspension bridge that adds to the picturesqueness of the place. But these rocky walls, pitiful to say, are defiled by the paint and whitewash of the murderous advertiser, a baser savage than the Micmac he replaces. The municipality of St. John or Portland, whichever has jurisdiction, should put an end to this wretched work. To rush through these rapids, in either a small boat or a steamer, is an exciting experience.

It is, then, interesting to sail down into the harbor of St. John. The tide-fall in the Bay of Fundy is so great—some seventy or eighty feet at St. John—that ice never forms here in winter. This circumstance, added to the others, serves to make St. John harbor one of the finest imaginable. The great tide-fall gives curious

effects when the tide is out; the wharves look so high above the water-level, and the lighthouses look so gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundation bared to the cruel air with tags of sea-weed fluttering from their crevices. There are plenty of good marine "bits" here. There is a shipping of all nations. The skeletons of ships in embryo point numerous arms from the Portland direction; for St. John is renowned for its ship-building. All manner, of fishing-craft, some from Digby, Nova Scotia, over the way, and more than one that had passed "where the mists of Penobscot clung damp on her mast," bob against each other at the busy Market Slip. Somewhat out in the harbor, toward Partridge Island, stand a pair of "ocean-tramps," as the stevedores of St. John indignantly call those iron steamships that coast around delivering their cargoes cheaply by their own crews, instead of employing the honest harbor men. Some fishermen's cottages on flat Navy Island—where once stood a fortified Indian village—are characteristic. St. John looks well from its harbor—its graceful custom-

house, post-office, city hall, well laid-out streets, numerous churches, and tree-embowered private residences, visible in clear relief upon the high ridge on which the city is built. Over against the city proper Carleton and its heights make a pretty companion picture, on which no true St. Johnite ever looks without thinking of Fort La Tour and its heroic story.

That La Tour legend is one of the bits of history in which St. John takes especial pride. Everyone knows the story, I take it—how Madame, wife of Charles St Estienne de la Tour, one of the lords of Acadia under the French king, held that fort when it was attacked by the rival lord of Acadia, D'Aulnay Charnizay, while her husband was absent seeking help from the saints of Massachusetts; and how she held it so well and bravely that she repulsed the besieger until the treachery of one of her garrison, a Swiss, placed her in his hands; and how all her garrison, but the Swiss, were put to death, and how madame herself died, from grief and ill-treatment, in nine days, leaving

a baby, before her husband could arrive to her succour. By the way, Mr. Whittier has made an extraordinary mistake with reference to this La Tour legend. In his stirring ballad, "St. John—1647," he treats De la Tour as if he had been a Huguenot martyr, the victim of Papist hate, and so forth. He sings:

"St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.
The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing,
With taper and bell,
But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists abhorred,
Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic Lord.
They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder
And steel for his wall."

The poet adds that "the prayers of the elders" had followed La Tour's way; and he describes the bold Huguenot spying a "pale priest of Rome" and "fastening his



DINNER ON BOARD THE DAY-BOAT ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

hand on the throat of the Papist" and demanding him to "Speak, son of the Woman of scarlet and sin!" La Tour leaves the scene vowing that "Massachusetts shall hear of the Huguenot's wrong," and that "Pantagoet shall rue what his Papists have done, when his palisades echo the Puritan's gun!" But the ballad is entirely wrong. La Tour's father may have been a Huguenot, but he himself was a Papist who never traveled to Boston without a pair of the "pale, ghostly fathers" in his shallop with him. The "men of Monhegan" only loaded him with stores when he paid them well for it. They were willing to trade with him as long as they could make a good profit by the transaction; but the utmost help they would give so good a commercial neighbor was to permit him to enlist men at his own expense. Indeed, when he applied to them for aid against D'Aulnay, they ended after days of deliberation, by communicating with his enemy. Here are Governor Winthrop's own words:

"When they were met the governor propounded the case to them. . . . 1st. Whether it was lawful for true Christians to aid an anti-Christian? 2d. Whether it were safe in point of prudence? After much disputation, some of the magistrates and elders remaining unsatisfied . . . a third way was propounded, which was that a letter should be sent to D'Aulnay."*

The result of that "third way" was a treaty with D'Aulnay and a throwing over of La Tour altogether. All through the State Papers La Tour is alluded to by the Puritans as "Papist" or "heretic" or "anti-Christian;" and here is how one of the elders (J. Endecott), whose prayers, Mr. Whittier says, followed La Tour, writes of him: "I am glad that La Tour hath not ayd from us; and I could wish he might not have any from the ships. If La Tour should prevail we should undoubtedly have an ill neighbor. His father and himselfe have . . . shed the blood of some English already . . . I feare we shall have little comfort in having anything to doe with these idolatrous French." Is it too late, I wonder, for Mr. Whittier to write his ballad over again?

In the environs of St. John there are some good drives. From the Mananogish Road (the "Mahogany" road is what

the inhabitants have corrupted the pretty Indian name into), to reach which you have to cross the suspension bridge above mentioned, a curious effect is to be experienced. The Mananogish runs along the narrow strip of land between the river and the sea, near the river's mouth; and on one side of the road the St. John, rolling almost at your feet, affords some lovely glimpses of river scenery, while on the other side of the road, also at your feet, the Bay of Fundy, with its cliffs and islands and glistening sails, forms a striking sea-scape. But the Marsh Road is a favorite drive; it must be a gay scene in the frosty winter moonlight when all the sleighs of St. John are flitting up and down upon it. And then you can go along it to Rothsay, on the brow of the bank of the Kennebecsis. If one wants to get a comprehensive view of all this neighborhood, let him climb the heights of Portland or of Carleton; but my selection as a viewing-point would be the old dismantled fort behind the Exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon, you can gaze on city or bay.

The people of St. John, I find, have a harmless weakness for a "history"—at least one section of them has. The "first families" call themselves "Loyalists;" but the people who are not of the first families call them "refugees," who, they say, were cowards for not fighting for, and fools for running away from, the rich country in which they were before the Revolution. But be that as it may, this is the centennial year of the landing of the Loyalists in St. John and the descendants of the founders of the city are accordingly just now in a state of exuberant loyalty. The event is being celebrated in many ways. The loyalist newspapers allude to England as "the Mother Country," with capital M and C. The other day I saw a staid old gentleman in spectacles busily engaged catching cold, out on the unsheltered Marsh Road with a tape measure in his hand; he was marking out the ground for trees which the Historical Society here resolved to plant along *one* side of the road in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the Landing. The most sensible way of honoring the oc-

* See "Hazard's State Papers," vol. i.; also, Hutchinson's "Original Papers."

casian is the bi-centennial exhibition which is now being held here. The exhibition has set all St. John, loyal or non-loyal, by the ears, and has served to prove that, aside from this little historical vanity of theirs, the St. John folk are a right royal-hearted company. It is good to see the free-handed and kindly way they are dispensing the hospitalities to all the strangers who are these days taxing the accommodation of the city to the utmost. The St. John people are enthusiastic over this exhibition. It brought

into St. John, they say, visitors not only from the neighboring provinces but from some of the most distant provinces of the Dominion; it thus interested people in St. John who knew little about it before, and it benefited the city in many other ways. They should have a similar exhibition to this again next year, they say. If it does them good, may they have it next year and every year! say I right heartily.

THOMAS P. GILL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., October, 1883.

THE BALLAD OF THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

"The world would be a desert if men were wise."—ORIENTAL PROVERB.

"What might the shepherd of Juno crave—
 Juno the Queen—by the ilex tree?
 Power, that maketh of man a slave,
 Crowned with a symbol of sovereignty;
 Power, that maketh from thence that he,
 With a thirst naught slackens nor satisfies,
 Follows for ever the things that flee :—
 But the world would be empty if men were wise!

What was the promise that Pallas gave—
 Pallas the cold, with the kirtled knee?
 Learning, that diggeth for man a grave
 Under a pillar to pedantry;
 Learning, a mole that in earth can see,
 And misses the message of air and skies;
 Learning that ever hath dust for fee :—
 But the world would be empty if men were wise!

And the Dame that rose from the curling wave—
 The witch of the hill-top—what gave she?
 Love, that maketh a man to rave
 For a vision that naught but a dream can be;
 Love, that filleth his heart with glee,
 Love, that freighteth his breast with sighs,
 Love that must madden both you and me :—
 But the world would be empty if men were wise!

ENVOY.

Goddess of mine (for I bend to thee!)
 Look at me now with thy wine-dark eyes!
 If Love be a folly—ah! what care we!
 For the world would be empty if men were wise!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

TINKLING CYMBALS.

III.

THE gentleman whom we have heard called Tracy Tremaine had now drawn quite close to the Misses Marksley. Both young ladies burst into a self-conscious laugh as he did so. The two laughs were quite similar. The mirth of the sisters, like everything else about them except their clothes, had no individuality, no *meum et tuum*. They never duplicated each other's magnificence of raiment. Had they really been twins instead of having a year between their ages, they could not have striven more successfully to veil this fact by a diversity of costume.

Caroline now went through the formula of introduction, presenting Mr. Tremaine to Miss Romilly; but the words had no sooner been spoken than Louisa took up the burden of civility, as it were. These young ladies were perpetually playing, in fact, just such a conversational game of pitch-and-toss. The shuttle-cock of their intelligence was always floating from lip to lip, and not seldom with a feathery lightness easily explainable.

"Mr. Tremaine would have gone mad in about ten minutes longer, my dear, unless he had met you," said Louisa, laying one specklessly gloved hand on Leah's wrist. "I never heard of such a perfectly instantaneous conquest."

"Yes," chimed in Caroline, catching the shuttlecock, as it were, and continuing the violent superlatives. "A decent feeling of Christian charity, my dear, made us grant his passionate entreaties before it was too late. As it is, we've saved him from utter insanity in the nick of time."

They both wheeled their thin bodies toward Mr. Tremaine with exactly the same rapid, bending movement.

"Now we'll leave you to your fate," declared Caroline, addressing the gentleman.

"And try to be resigned to our own,"

proceeded Louisa, re-wheeling herself toward Leah the next moment, promptly followed by her sister. "You're looking so immensely well, I don't wonder he was wild to be presented." Louisa's face was very close to Leah's by this time, but only a few inches closer than that of Caroline.

"He's an enormous swell, my dear," whispered the latter.

"Oh, perfectly tremendous," came the sisterly echo—"if you care for that sort of thing. You didn't use to, on the steamer, don't you know?"

"Neither did you," responded Leah, who was not thoroughly sure whether she understood this florid species of slang.

"Oh, we're awfully changed since we came back," maintained Caroline.

"Yes, dreadfully," affirmed Louisa. They both laughed again, and then exchanged a little nod.

While Leah looked puzzled as to the meaning of this last ambiguous outburst, the double fusillade recommenced.

"Now *do* tell us where you are stopping, and if you mean to stop long."

"Yes, *do*!"

"We shall be so enchanted, my dear, to come and see you!"

"Yes, we shall so perfectly *love* to come!"

Leah had scarcely given the full required answer before the Misses Marksley, both perceiving Mrs. Romilly and Rainsford at what seemed precisely the same moment, took several sidelong slips in the direction of the elder lady and her companion, their splendid robes rustling after them, the right hand of each cordially outstretched, and either mouth wearing a smile whose accurate measurements would doubtless have shown the most rigid equality.

They had seemed to come and go in a kind of gentle social tempest. Leah now looked at the gentleman whom they had

left, so to speak, behind them. She had not truly observed him before; as she regarded him at present it struck her that he was extremely handsome.

"I suppose my silence," he began, "has appeared to you a very awkward affair, Miss Romilly. I shouldn't dispute that point with you for an instant. But the Misses Marksley are great monopolists—I mean conversationally, you know."

The speaker drawled these words a little as he delivered them, and showed what Leah thought an English mode of utterance; but she found his voice peculiarly rich and sweet. It also occurred to her that she had never seen a male face of so much strong yet half-feminine beauty. Mr. Tremaine was tall and very slim of build; his clothes hung rather loosely about his person, yet their outlines implied careful tailoring. He moved his limbs in a languid, unstudied way; he occasionally thrust his shapely white hands into his pockets, and then withdrew them; he appeared indolently restless. He had the air of a tired man and of a somewhat dissatisfied one; he also suggested a close adherence to a certain code of polite behavior. But he did not give you the impression of being at all a fop; he had evidently paused well inside the limits of anything like senseless caricature.

His eyes were large, soft, and of a dark blue. Lashes of unusual length shaded them, and they were a feature that even in a commonplace countenance would have held their own through an unflinching charm. The remainder of his face was regular almost to the degree of perfection; a flowing silky mustache, amber in hue, waved along either oval cheek; the chiselling of nose and chin was little short of exquisite, and their uniform pallor aided you to see, perhaps, how well they would have borne precise copying by some deft sculptor.

"Yes," said Leah, not knowing how instantly she scanned this face, whose beauty was in reality fascinating her, "the Misses Marksley are surely great talkers. It never specially occurred to me that they were, until now. But, then, our acquaintance has always been slight. I suppose *you* know them very well?"

He answered her with lowered voice and

a little impatient stroke of his mustache. "I? Really, we are almost strangers. Do you think, under those circumstances, that I took an unwarrantable liberty in getting them to present me to yourself?"

Leah seemed to muse for a moment.

"Not at all," she then said, with an arch challenge in her brown eyes. "If you truly wished to know me it was the proper, straightforward course."

"So, then . . . you quite approve of it?"

She gave her smileless laugh, that some women thought so hard and haughty, but that men usually found provocative of a new and keen enjoyment.

"If I had not approved, you may be certain I would very soon have made my disapproval clear."

"I don't understand," he said, looking surprised enough.

"Don't you?" she replied, with what would have been pertness on many other lips. "I mean that if I hadn't cared to meet you I should promptly have shown you so."

"Indeed!" he said.

She had wakened his positive wonderment. He was wholly unprepared for her composed independence. He had been, almost from boyhood, an accepted favorite with the other sex. The Misses Marksley, in their fervid vernacular, had, after all, classified him correctly. In exclusive cliques he undoubtedly reigned a power. He had been born among exclusive cliques, as it were, and had rarely seen others. In these no one had ever yet defined his popularity. He was considered a man of educational store and mental capacity, but so innately lazy as to employ neither at its proper worth. He was known to have lived by no means a flawless life. He was admitted to have retained and even nursed some distinct vices. He had no stainless repute for good manners, while his ability "to act the thorough gentleman if he pleased" was broadly conceded him—as though manners were a portable garment, worn or shifted at pleasure, and not an apparel as inseparable from real personality as skin from flesh. It was well understood that he had spent half of an ample fortune, and was now no longer rich, according to the standard of opu-

lence set up by those with whom he held constant association, though expectant of a liberal future inheritance from a mother who had no child save himself. But in spite of all such drawbacks, he was petted, caressed, indulged by his own set. His prominence and his influence continued indisputable, and nobody could explain either.

Leah's cool assumption of the rôle which chooses to accept or reject courtesies rather than seek and be glad for them, had amazed and even dismayed him. If he had not decided that she was exceptionally beautiful—if he had not made up his mind, after the few words exchanged between them, that she was endowed with a nameless and rare personal attraction, he would have found it in him to seize some ungallant pretext for quitting her society. He would afterward have denied the commission of such a rudeness if charged with it; he would simply have retired from the prospect of being bored (as he always so retired when that prospect became at all apparent to him) and have accounted for his incivility with some sort of plausible and quick-coined misstatement.

As it chanced, however, the intention of retreat was very remote from his mind. "Are you in the habit of wearing your heart on your sleeve after this extremely candid fashion?" he continued. "If so, you must contrive to make it disagreeable enough for your unfavored admirers."

"I should probably do so," returned Leah, looking demurely amused, "if I had any admirers to deal with."

"Oh," said Tracy Tremaine, nearly under his breath, while his eyes seemed to kindle a little beneath their lowered lids, "I can believe a good deal at a pinch, but there are limits, you know, to the most ardent faith."

Leah liked this. Its artificiality refreshed her. It resembled the passing odor of some hothouse plant. And she loved hothouse plants; they were so choice and sleek beside the hardier out-of-door growths. Without really understanding it, she had a weary distaste for simplicity and sincerity; she longed after those trifling subtleties, raileries, innuendoes, which by some instinct she believed existent in other un-

enjoyed states of social intercourse. She had a desire to shut her windows from the sunshine, as something too prevalent and commonplace; she would light chandeliers instead, and watch their lustre play on folded tapestries. It did not occur to her that this impulse was unwholesome or morbid, for her complete ignorance of how those daintier people really lived whose way of living addressed her imagination in terms at once of culture and picturesqueness, kept aloof all hint of underlying evil. She would have told you, with a delicious childish candor, if you had questioned her on the subject, that she gave such people credit for being as fair within as without—for having honor and conscience as well ordered as their costumes and as blameless as their bodily habits. Coming fresh from the morality and optimism of her mother, she had begun to look at life with an arrogant innocence. She took it splendidly for granted that most people were good; she had never known any positively bad ones. She had known, she was always meeting, those who roused her humor, her ridicule, even her cruel and undiscriminating satire. This point in her curious nature (to some so loveless, to others illogically lovable) we have noted, it will be remembered, before now, while emphasizing, as well, the regret with which her mother had watched it. But, on the other hand, not to lie, to cheat, to steal, to injure one's fellow-creatures in any malignant way, seemed for Leah an accepted and operative human code. As for keeping one's-self select, she held that to be quite another matter. The older that she grew the more she decided that there was an enormous majority of people in the world whom she did not wish to know. But those who attracted her by the quality which we call patrician, won at the same time her moral respect and support, though perhaps unconsciously to her proud young mind.

While Tracy Tremaine's compliment pleased Leah, she chose, nevertheless, to receive it without a sign of clemency. Her eyes wandered from his attentive face; they surveyed the lawn court near at hand; they swept the breezy arc of pavilion which fronted her, and in which she and her companion then stood. As her small head

moved thus from side to side on its slender prop of neck, the grace of the motion made its delicate disdain very piquant and alluring for him who observed it.

"Let us change the subject," she said, with an airy abruptness that would have been fuel for his polite wrath if almost any other woman had employed it. "Let us speak of those Misses Marksley. They amuse me. They didn't when I met them on the steamer, some time ago, but they do now. I thought them dull and uninteresting, then; but now . . . well, now they are somehow altered."

"I fancy Newport has altered them," said Tremaine, reluctantly, as though he did not quite like being shunted back into this deserted conversational channel.

Leah lifted her brows. "Newport? How?" Her surprised query made him suddenly feel concerned in answering it. He saw an opportunity of diverting her, and did not himself realize how rapid yet strong a value he put upon it.

"Why, in this way," he promptly said, with a cold drawl in his lazy voice that was the merciless prelude of his coming comments. "They got here rather early—I think it was some time in June . . . it's August now . . . yes, it must have been June. Well, they had secured a nice cottage on Narragansett Avenue, and they used to drive about with their stout papa in a rather handsome trap. They knew scarcely anybody, but all of a sudden they made the most desperate dash."

"What is a desperate dash?" asked Leah.

Tremaine laughed. "Why, they tried to get about to places," he said. "Newport is very funny that way. It gives people a kind of fever, sometimes. They come here with a lot of money, you know, and take a liking to the style and tone of things, and then they make a plunge—they try to get in the swim, as we call it here. Occasionally they succeed. But it's always foolish to show any great eagerness. I suppose that is the folly the Misses Marksley have committed. Newport has gone to their heads, and they make this fact absurdly plain. They're nice enough girls in their way; it's true they're rather bad form, and then they dress too much, though that

sin is widely enough committed here. But they've got a jolly *ménage*; they know how to entertain ever so well. Yet their trouble is that they went to work with a jump instead of a push. Everybody laughs at them; they're not a bit of a success. They're the most frightful snobs, and yet the idea of getting among the big swells is so new to them that they scarcely know who is who. They're in a perpetual fever to be received by people, and people are in a perpetual fever to avoid receiving them. I dare say it will end by their being asked everywhere; they've got such a pile of money, and the papa is a very decent fellow; I've heard he's related to some Ohio senator, or somebody like that. But at present they're the sport of the place; they quite beat Polo and the Casino balls and the Skating Rink, I assure you."

All this was delightful to Leah. She had no sense of its being cruel. She had fallen into the habit herself, long ago, of seeing the ludicrous sides of people and pelting these with her swift irony.

"I'm very glad you told me about them," she said. "You give them a wholly new value."

"I'm afraid you haven't much pity."

"Oh, that is what mamma says," she cried softly, and in the smile that touched her lips and fled there was a gleam of light scorn. "It never occurs to me that people who are queer deserve any pity. They have no business to be queer, and when they are, then let them pay the penalty by entertaining us, who are not."

Just at this time a lady passed near the spot on which they were standing. Two gentlemen accompanied her. She nodded and smiled as she looked at Tracy Tremaine, who at once raised his hat. But her eyes dwelt on his face only an instant; they were speedily transferred to Leah's.

The girl had never before felt herself the object of so piercing yet transitory a stare. The lady's eyes were brilliantly black, and they seemed to sweep her image, from the flowers on her sun-hat to the tip of her boot; while at the same time Leah herself felt that not a single point in her attire, not a single mark of visage or posture, had escaped this fleet yet acute scrutiny.

But when she had passed still farther on-

ward, the lady chose to refix her look upon Tremaine. As she did so the turn of her full, olive throat became apparent to Leah, and the jaunty, brisk movements of her somewhat small person. At the same time she held up one plump forefinger, and shook it at Tremaine.

"Remember my lunch, please. One o'clock, sharp! You are always late. You have only a quarter of an hour, as it is."

"When the speaker had become still more remote, Leah said to her companion:

"Who is your odd-looking friend?"

"Do you think her odd-looking?" he said, with almost a start.

"Not as you would interpret the word," Leah hastened, in a tone of apology very rare with her. "I meant odd-looking in the sense of being very well yet very originally dressed."

"Don't you like that mixture of red and pink? I suppose it's Worth; I believe everything she wears is Worth."

Leah knew about Worth. "I like it very much," she said, "for a woman as dark as she is. But you forget the touches of yellow in her bonnet, and the yellow roses at her breast; they helped the other colors. She has a face as dark as an Egyptian girl's. She is extremely handsome."

"So she has been told," said Tremaine dryly.

"And her name?" gently persisted Leah. He appeared to wake from a sort of courteous reverie, of which Leah herself, judging by his rather absorbed gaze straight into her face, might very naturally have been the object. "Her name?" he repeated absently. Then, as if suddenly aroused, he went on: "Her name—oh, yes; it is Mrs. Fortescue—Mrs. Abbott Fortescue." He ended the words with an abrupt, peculiar laugh.

"You mention her name as if you considered it a joke," said Leah, looking at him with a lofty tranquillity. "Do you?"

"Oh, good Heavens, no!" Tremaine exclaimed, in the manner of one thrown off his guard who does not often encounter such disarray. "By no means, Miss Romilly! What made you suppose such a thing? Mrs. Fortescue and I are very good friends." He paused here, and stroked his mustache for an instant, as if he

were trying to hide the mutinous smile beneath it. "It seemed a little funny," he went on, "to find anybody in Newport who didn't know that I knew Mrs. Fortescue—that was all."

"I don't doubt that my ignorance in other similar ways will provoke your amusement," Leah quickly answered, "if you should continue my acquaintance." She then glanced toward her mother and Lawrence Rainsford, discovering that the Misses Marksley had left them.

At the same time Mrs. Romilly gave a meaning nod to her daughter. Leah at once moved to her mother's side. She did so with her grandest air, and as if supremely indifferent as to whether Tremaine should follow or no.

"Mamma wishes me," she said, a moment later, perceiving that Tremaine did follow.

"Have I annoyed you?" he questioned, while walking at her side. At the same time it passed through his mind: "When have I danced attendance like this on any other woman?"

"I'm not quite sure that you haven't annoyed me," returned Leah, with her eyes persistently averted from his own. She had never carried her sweet, fair head with more haughtiness than now. "You will find me sadly deficient in the valuable knowledge of Newport doings. Isn't it time that you joined your friend, Mrs.—what was her name—who lunches at one o'clock sharp?"

"What insolence!" thought Tremaine. "The great Mrs. Chichester herself would never dream of it, even if actually provoked. Who can this girl be, who has the pride of a young queen and the good-looks of a young goddess?"

He did not permit himself to be rebuffed. He made it imperative for Leah to present him to her mother. The introduction to Lawrence Rainsford was needless.

He disliked Rainsford, though scarcely knowing the man. He had set him down as a prig and a bore. But his slender white hand grasped Rainsford's strong and brownish one with much apparent warmth. Tremaine never permitted his dislikes to interfere with his suavity. He avoided people, very often, with a good

deal of clever dexterity, but when brought face to face with his aversions he was invariably urbane. There was less real hypocrisy here than might have been supposed; he held an expressed animosity to be one of the cardinal vulgarisms. Mrs. Fortescue's luncheon really claimed him; it was, in its way, a commandant engagement. But Leah chose to beam upon him again before he slipped off in graceful departure. Her hard moods rarely remained; that was something of which her worst foe could not accuse her; she had always been guiltless of bearing grudges. Besides, her pique had been more than half a matter of capricious coquetry; perhaps she wanted to test the real strength of this sudden thrall in which she perceived, with her first truly tingling sense of conquest, that she had secured a man whose attentions were ranked as high favor by the most fastidious of her sisters.

"I think you were almost cold to him, mamma," she said, when Tremaine had left them, and while her eyes followed the latter's figure, with its easy, lounging walk.

"Cold, Leah?" murmured her mother. There was a touch of perplexity, of worryment, in her brief utterance.

"Yes," Leah continued, a trifle sharply. "It was very polite of him to offer to send us invitations for the Casino ball on Monday night. Yet you hardly thanked him; you left all the gratitude to me."

"You seemed rather grateful," here broke in Lawrence Rainsford. They had begun to move; Leah was between himself and her mother as they prepared to leave the grounds. They were moving toward the place of exit, away from the pavilion, beneath whose cool shade the band still briskly wrought its inspiriting melodies.

"I *was* grateful," Leah answered him, with increased sharpness. She turned her look full upon Rainsford's composed countenance, which he had somewhat drooped, as was often his wont. "Why should I not be, if you please?"

His response was very quiet. "I don't know why you should be," he said evasively. "The Casino balls are quite dull, I have found."

Leah gave a high, clear laugh. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Have you been

to any of them? . . . Oh, well, I think there's a slight chance of their affecting us differently." She turned to her mother. "We are going, of course."

"Going, Leah?" said Mrs. Romilly incredulously. "You can't mean it, child! You know how entirely out of society I have been for years."

"Oh, if you won't take me, Mr. Tremaine shall!" returned Leah, with petulant decisiveness. "I don't care whether it shocks people or not, mamma. I didn't come to Newport to be mewed up with invalid spinsters and lugubrious divines from Brooklyn." She lifted one hand and swept it before her. "I like all this; I think it perfectly charming. It makes me feel as if I were being put back into my proper element." The next instant her face was quite close to her mother's; a smile had broken over it, and her brown eyes, that could be so haughty, were sparkling merrily. "Dear mamma," she said, "don't take me so seriously. Don't try to drive me with a curb always. Throw the reins on my neck for once, and let me have a little gallop, all to myself. Depend upon it, I shan't run away!"

Leah's voice was music itself now, and her posture, while she leaned toward her mother and they still walked onward, exquisite in its lithe, girlish abandonment. Perhaps the rarity of these tender, intimate changes made them so irresistible; perhaps they were stamped with an original and native allurements, like that which so often gave an unexplained sweetness to her most wilful and imperious aspects.

Rainsford had scarcely heard these latter words. But their caressing tones left him in no doubt of their true import; he knew Leah in all her phases; he had good reason for such exhaustive knowledge.

"I don't believe anything would induce you to go alone to the ball with Tremaine," he said, a little louder and quicker than he usually spoke. "But even if you went there with your mother on his invitation, I should much regret it."

Leah at once showed him a frowning face and a curling lip.

"I can't help what you would regret or sanction," she retorted, with curt speed.

Rainsford looked very grave. He made

the only reply that occurred to him, in his earnest singleness of motive :

"Tracy Tremaine is not a man from whom you should accept favors."

"What do you know against him?" she asked, with a ring of eager defense in her fleet tones.

"I know of nothing *for* him."

"That is no answer," she said, an angry throb stirring her voice. "He pleases me exceedingly. I don't recollect ever having met anyone whom I liked so well on a short

acquaintance. He is the handsomest man I ever saw. And his manners are perfect. He may not paint pictures, or aim at being a great celebrity, but then everybody can't dedicate himself to immortality. There must always remain a few humble creatures who are content with respectable obscurity."

"Leah!" murmured her mother.

But Rainsford bore this volley of unsolicited impudence in perfect silence. It roused no resentment; it seemed only to augment a certain foreboding dread.

IV.

"So you think I was rude, mamma?" said Leah. This was a good quarter of an hour later. She stood before the mirror in her own room, with both arms lifted behind her head, as she gave some stroke of mysterious repairing handicraft to the back knots of her golden tresses.

Mrs. Romilly was in the next chamber, and answered through its open doorway.

"You were perfectly pitiless, as usual," she said. "But I do not believe Rainsford thought much about your treatment. He was too filled with concern at another matter."

Leah laughed scornfully. "I shan't pretend not to understand you." Her fingers were still engaged with her satin strands of hair; the loose sleeves, fallen from each arm, brought into solid relief both their slope and swell; the palms of her busy hands, turned toward the mirror, looked liked the pinkish concaves of two small but deep shells, just above the faint blue lines that crossed either rounded wrist.

"No, I shan't pretend not to understand you," she repeated, with eyes fixed on her own comely reflection, as though she were directly addressing it. "You mean that I have presumed to actually enjoy the society of some other than one particular man."

"No, no, Leah," firmly contradicted Mrs. Romilly. As she spoke the last word her stately figure had reached the threshold of the intermediate doorway. Here she remained while continuing to speak.

"No, Leah, it is not that. You cannot so misinterpret Rainsford; you have known him too long. He professes no rights of

supervision or admonition except those of a friend."

"Why should he do so?"

"Why, indeed!" A faint sigh went with the response.

Leah turned suddenly and met her mother's gaze.

"Oh, I am so tired," she said, in repressed tones that betrayed dread of being overheard while at the same time filled with strong protestation—"I am so tired of having you and Rainsford take it superbly for granted that my matrimonial future is in both your hands! Pray, how much longer am I to be laid siege to, like a beleaguered town? As if I didn't know that you and he were in perpetual stealthy collusion together! As if I didn't know that you, mamma, have a ready little remedy for all my discouragements! Why on earth don't you marry him yourself if you think him so perfect?"

A moment afterward Leah had slipped to her mother's side, and, while putting both arms about Mrs. Romilly's neck, had kissed her on the cheek. It was an embrace that had nothing impulsively affectionate; there was even a matter-of-fact deliberateness about it; you might have likened it to the performance of some little half-headed ceremonial.

"There, I didn't mean *that*, of course," she said, while going quietly back to the mirror again and resuming her former posture. "That was only a bit of my impertinence, you know."

Several minutes elapsed before Mrs. Romilly said: "Leah, it is an old story to you that I want you to be Rainsford's wife. If

you cared more for any other man than you care for him, I should be quick to dissuade you from such a marriage. But I believe Rainsford could make you very happy. As for there being any plot between us, that is mere nonsense, child. Rainsford does not like this Mr. Tremaine, and has given me his reasons. I think they are very fair and sensible ones."

"What are they?" asked Leah. She had arranged her hair to her own evident satisfaction. She again faced her mother, with a demeanor that now had in it strong apparent intention to listen, tolerantly and peacefully.

"They are these," said Mrs. Romilly, with a brightening visage, as if glad of the new receptive conditions under which she could make herself heard. "He is a man whose whole life is one of idleness and frivolity. He is popular, in a certain sense, yet in no sense is he respected. He has mental ability, yet he has let it all go to waste. His world is a narrow, almost a contemptible one. But he is wholly content with it; he sees nothing beyond, or rather he has long ago shut his eyes to any larger view. But, worst of all, Leah, he is the slave of a shallow, flippant and worthless woman."

"Do you mean Mrs. Abbott Fortescue?" asked Leah, tranquilly.

Her mother started. "Yes, that is the name," she said. "Can he already have told you of this intimacy?"

"Never mind, please. What does Lawrence Rainsford say of their relations?"

"Only what everybody says—that they are on terms which society should condemn and denounce."

"Is this Mrs. Fortescue a widow?"

"No; she has a husband living."

Leah shook her head slowly and sceptically. She was asking herself what Rainsford could really know of these easeful and resplendent circles, in which his sober figure was so seldom to be met. She felt herself assume toward Tracy Tremaine an indignantly defensive attitude. She grew sure that reckless-tongued scandal was doing him a signal injustice. Besides, the girl might have been dowered with a much slighter fund of self-esteem and yet have laid at the door of jealousy Rainsford's dispatch in making her parent

learn these invidious reports concerning Tremaine. Indeed, there was very little tinge of egotism in Leah's reflections on the subject of Rainsford's desire to marry her. She had got to think herself deferentially persecuted, and to wonder if some downright revolt on her own side might not sooner or later become necessary. As it was, she liked the young artist quite well enough to let him go on loving her. This is a species of allegiance which few women have ever been known to resent; indulgence is their usual order of treatment, even when no trace of reciprocal passion exists. What gives to Doris the sudden frown and the unpitying sneer, is a tendency on the part of her devoted swain to meddle with some other little idyllic flirtation. Then Strephon abruptly becomes a nuisance; his hopeless pleadings lose both their poetry and their pathos, and she is angry enough at him for his determined wooing to smite him roundly with her crook.

Matters, however, had reached no such lurid climax with Leah, though she was not by any means in the best of humors when her mother and herself presently descended into the dining-room. The meal was luncheon, not dinner, for Mrs. Preen, the proprietress, had yielded, two or three seasons ago, to that luxurious influence which has been slowly taking possession of Newport like one of its own ubiquitous fogs, and had surrendered, through the introduction of late dinners, her last stronghold of domestic provincialism.

The boarders were all assembled when Leah and Mrs. Romilly took their seats. They had been assigned places on the immediate right of Mrs. Preen, who was a lady well past middle-age, with considerable flesh and a chronic smile. Mrs. Preen's smile was her chief personal point. It had a glowing amplitude; it seemed to overflow her somewhat puffed and fallow face. It was seldom absent; the least temptation called it forth; it expressed an actual exorbitance of amiability. But it was accompanied, at the same time, by an enormous eleemosynary impulse. The word "poor" was pathetically frequent in her conversation. She was incessantly pitying everybody and everything, in her corpulent,

beaming, oleaginous way. You felt that she was sincere, or at least sincere for the moment. Without that vague yet secure guarantee of amiability, you would have been assailed by a sense of repulsion. But the enormous kindness of Mrs. Preen was an indisputable fact; to receive her facile sunshine was not to doubt the genuine source whence it had emanated.

"You've been seeing something of Newport, I s'pose," she soon said to Mrs. Romilly.

She had what is called the New England accent, and in spite of a short clip given to certain syllables, she readily conveyed the impression of a person who has been educated, and somewhat thoroughly.

"Yes," Mrs. Romilly at once answered. She had made up her mind to like Mrs. Preen, as she usually made up her mind to like all people; it was part of her philosophy to brighten with one of her own smiles the threshold of every new acquaintance. "We went to the Casino. We found it very gay and pleasant."

"Madam," suddenly said the Rev. Mr. Pragley, looking with an impressive stare straight at Mrs. Romilly, "did you not also find it *very* worldly?"

Leah at once broke into a full, careless laugh. This was the first time that Mr. Pragley had addressed either herself or her mother, although both had been formally presented to him on a first meeting.

"Worldly!" exclaimed Leah, before her mother could answer. "Of course it was! That was why we went."

An ominous silence followed. Mrs. Dickerson's dog gave a furtive bark. Mrs. Dickerson herself looked as if her spare body had been galvanized into a condition of statuesque decorum, while the sly, pert, little head of the dog peered up from her lap as if it sympathized with the shocked feelings of its mistress. Both the Misses Semmes fixed their small, calm eyes upon Leah. The Mr. Yarde who dreaded malaria also gazed at her. But she was the recipient of one more bit of scrutiny, and this was, in its way, keenly significant.

The Reverend Mr. Pragley's wife had arrived an hour ago, rather unexpectedly. She was a lady of perhaps five-and-forty; she had a long, square-jawed face, eyes of a

peculiarly lustreless leaden blue, and hair of that dull drab shade which resists all the frosty attacks of time. She was a person noted for the extreme severity of her religious opinions, and it was currently stated among her friends that she had exerted marked influence upon her lord in the way of urging him to the expression of his most violent and denunciatory views. She now regarded Leah with a look of mournful and shocked disapproval.

"I hope you don't mean what you say, Miss," she declared, with a manner of excessive austerity. "I *hope* you are only joking. The love of worldliness is so great a human evil that when I see my fellow-creatures openly professing it I feel as if I were called upon by Providence itself to show them the true light—to—yes, to lead them forth from spiritual darkness."

"Indeed!" said Leah. "Did it ever occur to you, however, that your illuminative efforts might not be considered in just the best taste?"

Mrs. Pragley was a sort of idol among her constituents, and she was now in the company of at least five of them, her husband included. Leah's tone of serene sarcasm struck them as unpardonably audacious. They exchanged gloomy glances; Cigarette gave a second little fragmentary bark, and then Mrs. Pragley tartly broke the ensuing silence.

"I think, Miss, it is always good taste to try and save mortals from sin."

"Do you?" said Leah, tranquil and impervious. "But have you ever reflected that all human nature is fallible, and that when we parade our own virtue we lay ourselves under suspicion as to its real soundness?"

"I *never* parade my own virtue!" exclaimed Mrs. Pragley.

"No, never!" echoed Mrs. Dickerson, so emphatically that her sharp chin struck against one of Cigarette's perked ears and caused the dog to utter a little squeal of pain.

Mr. Pragley gave one of his coughs. "My dear Amelia," he said, addressing his wife, "your zeal carries you too far."

"Yes," shot Leah's quiet speech. "Beyond the bounds of good breeding."

Mrs. Romilly laid her hand on Leah's

arm. "My daughter," she said, "I beg that you will be silent."

"Come, come," now struck in Mrs. Preen, in her customary cooing voice, "we had better not talk of each other's faults and virtues. I'm sure, Mrs. Pragley, that poor Miss Romilly didn't mean to offend your Christian feelings. Young people will be young, you know, and worldly things are pleasant to them. Newport is worldly, of course, in the summer—it is so filled with fashionable people." After which limp little flow of commonplaces, Mrs. Preen gave her dulcet laugh, which had rich notes in it, not unlike the motherly cluck made by an especially contented hen. She lifted one plump finger and shook it playfully at Mr. Yarde; she was bent, it would seem, on the restoration of peace among her patrons. "Why, you poor Mr. Yarde," she went rippling on, "if you don't look real alarmed, I d'clare! It's just a shame to shake those poor weak nerves of yours—now, isn't it, sir?"

This rather sickly flash of humor was received somewhat ungraciously by the cadaverous Mr. Yarde. "I am much more shocked than alarmed, madam," he returned, with acid brevity, and afterward fixed both eyes upon his plate.

"Dear me!" piped the Miss Semmes with the neuralgia; "I hope there is no occasion for fear."

She stole a look at Leah, which the latter returned with a faint smile of satirical amusement.

"Oh, of course, I was only joking," burst forth Mrs. Preen. "Still, you can all scold poor me as much as you want," she proceeded, with jocund martyrdom. "I'm sure I shan't care a bit, as long as you won't disagree among each other."

Mr. Pragley slightly started, at this point, and gave a roll of his black eyes that seemed to the revering gaze of the Misses Semmes and Mrs. Dickerson positively apostolic in its grandeur. They supposed it to be the precursor of some such memorable rebuke as only their sainted paragon could administer; but Jove concluded not to hurl his thunderbolt this time, and the rest of the meal passed in low-voiced murmurs, on the part of nearly everyone present, to his or her immediate neighbor.

Only Leah and her mother kept completely silent, the first from apparent careless disgust, the last from an unwillingness to reprove in any possible way that unconquerable spirit of mischief which had already spoken so assertively.

"You needn't be distressed about me in the future," said Leah, when she and Mrs. Romilly had again retired to their own apartments. "I shan't notice any of these dreadful people after to-day. They are pitiable travesties on humanity. They have no right to exist in this progressive century. They belong to a hundred years ago, at least, with their nonsensical puritanic bigotries."

She kept her word. But the manner which she now chose to assume was one of supreme, uncompromising haughtiness. At dinner, that same evening, she sat beside her mother with a posture and a look of repressed yet palpable contempt. There was no open hostility in her deportment; she contrived that no one should catch her eye, and yet she made it sweep the whole table, now and then, with a peculiar flutter of the lid, a peculiar accompaniment in the turn of her neck, that was far from pacifying her vigilant observers.

"Leah," said her mother, as they stood on the piazza afterward, in the twilight, "you are only adding fuel to the flame."

"For heaven's sake, mamma, what do you mean?" she asked, with unruffled hypocrisy.

"Oh, you understand. You looked everything that you wanted to say."

"I can't help that. I can't control my countenance as I can my speech. That has its separate indignation and resentment, I suppose. I confess that I realized for the first time what satisfaction Medusa must have had in turning some people to stone."

"Your simile is an unlucky one. Medusa was the type of a relentless cruelty."

Leah looked at her mother with a lofty impatience. "Upon my word, I believe you excuse these persons!" she said.

"I think they are to be excused—yes. They represent a particular force in society; they are religious fanatics. But, after all, they have a distinct sincerity of their own."

"The sincerity of extreme impudence," said Leah. "I wonder whether Mrs. Dick-

erson considers it 'worldly' or no to decorate herself in flounces and ribbons as she does. As if the attack which this Dr. Pragley made upon you was not clear enough in its motive! He remembers who you are. He is one of your old enemies. He has told them to treat you rudely—or try to reform you, which is about the same thing."

"I am very willing that they should try to reform me," said Mrs. Romilly.

Leah almost stamped one of her pretty feet. "Oh, certainly!" she exclaimed. "You would actually stoop to pit your wisdom against their cheap sentimentalisms. You would let them turn your splendid philosophy into mockery with their pietistic ignorance! You, who are more soundly moral in your finger-nails than they, souls and bodies all taken together, would let them tell you that you are going to be roasted in eternal torments. I know just what you would do if you were not afraid of my explosions. You would stand up before them, as calm as marble, and answer their trivial assaults with arguments that they have neither the education nor the brains to understand. And the sole reward you would get would be to have them scream some such stock-in-trade word as 'infidel' at you because you had the presumption not to accept their sulphureous dogmas."

"I should not think that my life of study and thought was of any profit to me," came the slow answer, "if it disabled me from frankly expressing my beliefs to them in simple and direct terms. We should not garner seed except to sow it. I sometimes think that in these latter years of inactivity I have culpably hoarded truth whose dissemination I owed to my fellow-creatures as a precious trust."

Leah gave an aggravated moan. She did not speak for a moment; she was plucking from the dense greenery of the thick-twined vine just in front of her a little pearly spray of honeysuckle. She performed this act with swift movements of her agile white fingers, as though wreaking upon the helpless bloom the force of a strong irritation.

"I'm glad that I am not great, like you, mamma," she presently said, while fixing the spray in the bosom of her muslin dress. "You make me feel immensely contented

with my own littleness, and as if cloudland, after all, couldn't compare with my terrestrial comforts."

Mrs. Romilly caught her hand and pressed it. While she still held it, too, she spoke.

"Leah! Leah! you often say things, at your very lightest, child, that seem to cast doubt on your own levity. There is often something in your words and deeds that frightens me."

"Why?" asked Leah suddenly, and with altered intonation.

"Because I feel that you will some day bend on life such different eyes! Eyes, I mean, that have shed tears, my daughter. Yours have shed none, as yet. Sorrow has not taught you one of her dreary tasks. She can tame us so terribly with her ferule of iron, while we spell out with sobs the hard texts in her stern little primer!"

When Lawrence Rainsford presently appeared, joining them on their special corner of the piazza, Leah chose to treat him with a delicious forgetfulness of her own past incivility. He bore this valuable piece of indulgence with a stoic disregard of its condescension. He listened with great attention while she recounted all that had passed at luncheon. She gave him a very faithful account, though one, at the same time, in which her severities of epithet ran riot, bathing every sentence, as it left her lips, in a lambent play of ruthless ridicule.

"Now, you must not even hint that you think me the least bit in the wrong," she finished. "Mamma has greatly distressed me by inferring it. I have engaged to behave with meekness in the future, however, provided the enemy fires no more guns at either of us."

"You left out that proviso before, Leah," said her mother.

"I am afraid, if she retains it," said Rainsford to Mrs. Romilly, "that the war is by no means ended."

"You mean that they will make another attack?" questioned Leah. "Oh, well, let them. In that case I shall certainly give them a few silencing broadsides. In the name of all decency," she went on, "are we to be persecuted like this for the whole of the next month? I wonder what they

will say or do when they see mamma and myself depart *en grande tenue* for the Casino ball."

A silence followed. The piazza was now quite dim with the increased nightfall. But Leah, after her abrupt little allusion, managed to watch with covert intentness the vague faces of Rainsford and her mother. She saw these faces momentarily turned toward each other, as though for the exchange of that same meaning look with which past experience had so well familiarized her. But Rainsford, when he now spoke, chose to say, in quite his ordinary voice:

"It might be well to change your boarding-place for more congenial quarters. I could easily extricate you, I think, from present surroundings; and, indeed, I suppose it is my duty to make the attempt, since I am innocently blamable for having lodged you at Mrs. Preen's."

Before either Leah or Mrs. Romilly could answer, a large figure was seen approaching this end of the piazza in the uncertain light. It proved to be Mrs. Preen, who held a letter in her hand, which she at once gave Leah.

"This is for you, my dear Miss Romilly," said the bland lady. As Leah took it, peered at it, failed to decipher its superscription, and then darted toward the lighted hall not far away, Mrs. Preen went on addressing Mrs. Romilly and Rainsford.

She appeared for some time to be commiserating everything and everybody. She expressed herself confident that the whole sad affair at luncheon need not have happened if only her poor wits had played the peacemaker sooner and more effectually. She was convinced that poor Dr. Pringley had really meant nothing. As for poor, dear Miss Romilly, her remarks had been impulsive, perhaps, but not really ill-meaning. And then poor Mrs. Pringley was a lady of very high principle, devoted to her husband's opinions and sometimes defending them too sharply when supposing them attacked, but at heart a most lovable creature; she had just been assured of this by poor, sweet little Mrs. Dickerson, who had been a friend of the Pringley family for many years. And then poor, mild Mr. Yarde, who had such a horror of the chills,

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had expressed his sincere regret at the occurrence, as also those two poor, inoffensive Misses Semmes had done . . .

Rainsford found his heed growing less and less, long before this compassionate monologue had shown any sign of cessation. He was relieved when Mrs. Preen ended, and withdrew her massive person, leaving behind it a kind of lackadaisically humane aroma.

He did not wish to discuss with Mrs. Romilly this ponderous apologetic discourse.

"The poor woman is in a most bewildered state of mind," he said. "You see, I instinctively borrow her own pathetic adjective when speaking of her. But do not let us speak of her—or of this clique that has got into her house, and wants so autocratically to regulate its moral atmosphere."

Mrs. Romilly looked at him with such gentle fixity in the deep dusk that he saw the smile, joyless yet sweet, which edged her lips.

"You wish to speak of Leah," she said, "do you not?"

"Yes; I always wish to speak of her."

There was a little silence.

"You are afraid?"

"I am afraid."

"You believe that we have committed an error in bringing her, with her love for brilliant superficialities, to this place, whose superficialities are so filled with color and glitter?"

"Yes. I think Newport has been a mistake."

"Ah, my dear Lawrence!" (She always called him by his first name when they were alone together). "My doctor did not think that when he sent *me* here."

"True," he answered, with an intonation of apology, "but there are so many other seaside places."

"Where Leah might have been kept comparatively hidden?"

"Yes. We are very candid with each other. We always are. It is best."

A breeze floated through the vines, moving them tenderly. The pulse that it made in their leafage was just audible and no more. But the moon had begun to mount, though still invisible, and her rich yet slow

splendor was blackening the contours of trees and houses in the quiet streets outside, while turning the sky above into a golden haze.

Mrs. Romilly laid her hand on Rainsford's arm. "Why do you love her so?" she murmured.

"Good God!" he said, his quiet tones lending the words a fivefold intensity. "How can I help it?"

She kept her hand on his arm, but she did not answer him. He understood why she did not. He understood that it was because she had no comfort to give him.

"Did you tell her what I said of that man, Tremaine?" he asked.

"Yes. But she will not credit it. She says—"

And here Mrs. Romilly paused. Someone was rapidly approaching them. The next instant they both recognized the light, brisk step,

"I've been answering such a kind, charming note!" exclaimed Leah, as she joined them. Her voice had a defiantly merry ring; but while its merriment seemed genuine enough, its defiance had the effect, to

these trained and loving ears which heard it, of being resolutely forced.

Neither Mrs. Romilly nor Rainsford spoke, and Leah went on:

"It was a note from Mr. Tracy Tremaine. It enclosed two cards for the Casino ball, and it asked me to drive with him on Monday afternoon. I have sent away my answer. Mrs. Preen is so obliging; she made one of her servants take it. I thanked Mr. Tremaine most heartily for the invitations, and I accepted with thanks his request to take me driving."

She seated herself as she finished. The moonlight had brightened so that she could see either face quite clearly. A silence followed, which Rainsford broke.

"Tremaine has excellent horses," he said.

He brought the words straight from the inner pang of a heartache. The unexpectedness of their commonplace almost disarmed Leah. But an instant later she was her wilful and cruel self again.

"I am so glad to hear you say so!" she answered. "I shall enjoy my drive all the more on that account!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

[To be Continued.]

KNICKERBOCKER EYES IN MEXICO.

"Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best."

—EMERSON.—BOSTON HYMN.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun!" Like many popular sayings this one seems to be true, until the experience of life teaches us its foolishness. To thoughtless eyes almost every place and time are devoid of interest, while to those which are illuminated by the torch of education (not only by that of schools, but, far more important, by that of years of observation and travel), all places and all times teem with an ever-renewed succession of interesting scenes and events. So, although a great deal has been printed in the English language about Mexico, there may still remain something worth telling. And for giving correct impressions of that country and its inhabitants the writer is

not wholly without qualifications. She has lived there for the past nine months. Having spoken and written French and Spanish from childhood, and having resided twenty years in Cuba, she has greater facilities than Americans generally have for understanding manners and customs which otherwise she might criticise without understanding, as has so often been done. This is one of the causes of the reluctance with which many Mexicans see the increasing immigration of citizens of the United States, particularly to their Northern frontier States.

Departing from the beautiful bay of Havana, on one of the fine American steamers, and crossing that vast arm of the Atlantic

Ocean called the Gulf of Mexico, one is vividly impressed by its immensity. In the "old world" it would be called a sea. The heat is always oppressive, except during the prevalence of northern winds, even in December and January. One is disagreeably surprised to find that there is not a really good port on the eastern coast of Mexico. The waves break with such tremendous force on its low shores, especially during the northeastern storms, that the steamers remain sometimes so far out at sea that only a low line of coast is seen from their decks, and a day or more is lost in disembarking the freight and passengers for Mérida, Campeche and Progreso. The freight of the good ship "City of Puebla" consisted mostly of Spanish wines and lumber. When one remembers that vast forests of an immense variety of precious woods are still almost untouched in Central America, the power of steam and machinery is proved by lumber being exported from our Northern States, to build houses in the cities of these coasts. Large "lighters" are rowed or sailed out to the steamer's sides, and their want of paint generally adds to the picturesque appearance of their lateen sails, and of the bronzed bodies and scanty clothing of their hardy crews. After two days' delay (while the lighters were loading, and large rafts were made of the lumber, to be towed ashore), and in the teeth of a stiff north wind, the good ship arrived outside of the port of Vera Cruz. Two fine lights, one a fixed and the other a revolving light, were the only objects that we could discern until dawn. Before noon the "City of Puebla" steamed into the port, passing the hoary old island fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. After some delay, the government boat came alongside, and we were favored by a passage in it to the pier. Accustomed to the large custom and store houses and sheds of Havana, we were surprised to see the small dimensions of those of Vera Cruz, where, for want of sheds, boxes and bales of goods are exposed in large quantities to wind and weather, until dispatched. Our large amount of baggage and furniture could not be unloaded immediately, on account of the heavy sea running, and this delayed our party for three days at the Hotel de Mexico. This hotel is a large stone structure, opposite the pier,

As the best rooms were occupied, we were conducted up two flights of stairs, to a small room with two beds, a deal table and a washstand, and a couple of straw-bottomed chairs.

We were told that no better accommodation could be afforded us. After some grumbling we became resigned, as the room was clean and our stay was to be short. The small window was so peculiar that it deserves a description. There were no outside nor inside shutters, and the small sashes were disposed like the slats in an American "shutter." These were opened and shut by means of a sort of "spring," which only allowed the sashes to be raised a few inches. Not knowing who was the manager of the hotel we did not inquire why we were thus deprived of fresh air and a full view of the sky, but supposed that the gusts of north wind might otherwise break the glass. As it is dear in Vera Cruz, economy was preferred to health and cheerfulness. The hall floors are the most extraordinary invention of the kind ever beheld. The house has no courtyard, and the space generally occupied by it in Mexican houses was allotted to the kitchen and servants' offices. In order to give light and air to these departments the two floors of the halls above them are composed of long and narrow iron slats, over which the guests are obliged to walk, as only in the middle of this odd flooring is there a beam of wood to step upon, and in some places not even that. The annoyance of crossing this immense "gridiron," especially to ladies, is great; their ideas of decorum and the dainty heels of their slippers both suffering thereby. The dining-room and "bar" are not separated by even a partition. Yet I preferred a table in the dining-room near the bar, for there the large door admitted fresh air, every window being closed on account of the strong north wind. Be it said to the honor of Vera Cruz manners, both native and foreign, that the only annoyance that ensued was now and then a look of curiosity, even in the absence of my escort. As the Christmas festivities were taking place this is noticeable. Prominent objects in the dining-room were two big

solid "beaten" silver kettles, one containing milk and the other coffee, which, whenever a cup of these was ordered, came swinging in the hands of the unfortunate waiter. When the writer expressed to the waiter her pity on account of his having constantly to carry such a weight, he slowly shook his head with the gesture of resignation of his race.

As in all towns of Spanish origin, the square or "Plaza de Armas" is the centre of attraction by day and especially by night. That of Vera Cruz is handsomely paved with marble. It is well lighted by electric lights, and when the military band plays and the dark-eyed ladies are promenading in the flickering shadows of its fine trees, it is a very pleasant place. Most of the fair sex adorn their heads only with great braids of dark hair, but many have adopted the fashion of hats and bonnets. The usual wrap is the old-fashioned mantilla or long shawl. One elderly lady in mourning, holding a little boy by the hand, reminded me of a painting representing the mother of the Gracchi, so full of character were her finely molded features, so dignified her mien. There is a new and well lighted square just outside of the town, but it is not frequented in cool weather. As we rode there, in a street-car without a roof, (a peculiarity of Vera Cruz tramways in fine weather), we passed a large building, illuminated by a row of gas-jets around the roof, and were told that it was a public school which had been opened that evening (Christmas eve, 1882). While driving, afterward, we passed another school in process of building. There is also a public library.

The city looked clean and its streets are straight and paved with cobble-stones. The houses are built in the southern Spanish style, mostly of one story, surrounding an interior court, and have large grated windows reaching to the ground in the street front. The large churches and prison are also like those in Spanish cities.

The country around Vera Cruz is the most desolate that our eyes ever rested on in a Southern clime. The soil is sandy, with sparse vegetation and no trees that deserve the name. The high north wind blows the sand into hillocks and hollows,

which make driving a martyrdom both to quadrupeds and bipeds, when the carriage leaves the dusty road. The gallant Mexican officer (a Spaniard) who had invited us to drive, acquiesced in our poor opinion of the environs, and spoke of inland villages, where well-to-do families reside and bathe in summer. There is no sort of life that has not its compensations, and life in Vera Cruz cannot be an exception. We were told that there is a better hotel than that of the "gridiron" floors. But our impatience to reach the capital caused us to order our multifold baggage to be unloaded and forwarded by a merchant, when the weather would allow it, and we continued our journey on the fourth day.

The Federal Government has made a contract with a French company for an immense work, called literally "Works of the Port of Vera Cruz," which include wharves and dikes, so that the port will, before long, be one in reality as well as in name. The heavy seas sometimes demolish the work already done. Under the circumstances it is all the more strange to "Knickerbocker" eyes, that with such great obstacles to commerce on the Atlantic coast, there should be a party in the Republic which has opposed the building of railroads, not only facilitating internal trade, but commercial relations with the United States ports of the Gulf. It is not so strange, however, when one learns that up to the present day the greater number of the mercantile houses belong to Germans, French and Spaniards, who oppose closer business relations with the United States. In this republic, as in Cuba, the "creoles" (descendants of the colonists) generally prefer military and agricultural pursuits, or the so-called liberal professions, to commerce, just as in our States the majority of the sons of merchants study law or medicine, and dislike the routine of "business."

The railroad from Vera Cruz to the capital belongs to an English Company—"The Mexican." As the train leaves at dawn, the light *desayuno*—literally breakfast—is taken in the coffee-house of the railroad depot. The train is a long one, composed of passenger-cars in the Euro-

pean style, comfortably lined and padded, and divided into compartments, each one with seats for only eight persons, who sit facing each other, four on each side. It is escorted by a guard of from twenty-five to thirty soldiers of the Mexican army. The escort from Vera Cruz leaves the train at Esperanza (a midway station), and returns thither on the one running from the capital, and is replaced by the same number of men, who also escort the train daily from and to the City of Mexico. By this plan the soldiers avoid the fevers of the coast and lowlands, as those who form the escort to and from Vera Cruz are acclimated.

There is little to remark on the road until it begins to ascend the spurs of the mountains, the chain of the "Sierra Madre." Upon a slope of this chain is situated the city of Cordoba, the centre of one of the richest coffee districts of the country. The richest tropical scenery surrounds the town, in which abound the palm, the banana and the orange. Venders tempt one with baskets of luscious fruit. The oranges and pineapples are excellent, and we were surprised at their low price: a basket of two dozen oranges, costing (basket included) twenty-five cents. The venders are generally Indian men and women, the descendants of the Aztecs, and then we first remarked their similarity to the Asiatic races; not to those of the oval faced and aquiline type of British India, but to those which have become mixed with the Mongols or Chinese. The face is round, the nose neither flat nor aquiline, the complexion of a copperish hue, the eyes slightly inclined upward at the outer corners, the mouth large, the body of a medium size, but well developed and straight, and the extremities small. The women's dress consists of an under-garment of the coarse white cotton cloth of the country, machine-made, called *manta*; a skirt and jacket (or *sacque*) of blue or red calico, and a mantilla, or long shawl. The last covers the head and shoulders and is of a peculiar soft cotton-stuff of a mottled or striped dark blue or brown tint, called a *rebazo*. The ends are raveled out and netted so as to form a wide fringe. They are worth from ten or twelve shillings (\$1.25 to \$1.50) up to sixteen or twenty dollars, and are worn by

all the women, both of Indian and Spanish race. They are made to serve for a variety of uses, from wrapping up a child in arms to covering a market basket, and are worn in cool weather both in and out of doors, as in very few parts of the Republic fires are lighted, except for culinary purposes. In the large cities, fashionable women, both young and old, are adopting the wearing bonnets and hats, of which the milliners' windows are full. The Indian men and women also wear a big coarse straw "flat" when the sun is pouring down its strong heat. But the women merely wear it for use and without ornament. The abundance of color and ornament in the men's ordinary clothing is in striking contrast to the dark blue, red and brown, plain dress of the women, whose only ornament is a pair of large gold or silver earrings and finger-rings, and a string of beads for a necklace. The women work as much and often more than the men, and I know of instances where mothers of families of as many as five children, hire themselves as cooks, while the eldest daughter takes care of the home and little ones. They are good, gentle creatures, and I hope that their daughters may attain to a happier life than they enjoy. The men are often good husbands and fathers, but the horrid national vice of gambling has innumerable votaries. It is the worm which gnaws its way into homes that would else be happy.

Gentlemen and dandies have adopted all the French and English fashions, except when on horseback, when the Mexican national costume is often worn, so picturesque with its dark blue or brown wide pantaloons, studded on the side-seams with three or four rows of silver buttons, a jacket of the same, and a wide-brimmed, high-crowned drab felt hat, with broad silver braid or gimp around the crown and edge, and curiously shaped ornaments of silver, one hanging on each side of the crown, midway from the top. Sometimes, but more rarely, the braid and ornaments are gilt, but they look tawdry beside the old-fashioned real silver ornaments, and are only worn by *parvenus* and country dandies. The gay *serapes*, or shawl-like wraps, and beautifully embroidered saddles and bridles embossed with silver, with long and narrow bags of long-

haired goat-skins, hanging almost to the horses' fetlocks, the long *lazo* hanging in a coil from the saddle, and above all, the lithe, Arab-like, easy-pacing but spirited horses, have so often been described that I will not dwell on them. I omitted mentioning the universal coiffure of the women (both Indian and of the middle and lower classes of Creoles), which consists of two long braids of hair falling straight down the back, sometimes apart, but generally tied together at the ends. The result of this natural style is a long and thick head of hair, which, particularly, in the Indian race, is coarse and straight.

But *revenons d nos mountains!* Leaving Cordoba, the train slowly ascends the slopes of the mountain range, literally pulled up, often by an immense engine called here *doble* (double), of the Fairlie system. An idea of the fine engineering work on this road can be given by the following statement. There are three viaducts, ninety-three wooden bridges and fifty-five of iron. In 1880 313,348 passengers traveled over this road. There are thirty stations or depots. One daily train is freighted with barrels of *pulque* alone, the national fermented drink, made from the juice of the *magney* cactus. If less of this were drunk, the criminal returns of the Republic would be much shortened. Physicians recommend it as a healthy and fattening beverage, but the higher classes prefer wine and beer. There is a wine made from the juice of the quince, but, like the blackberry wine of our rural housekeepers, it is more like syrup than wine.

The scenery of the Sierra Madre is magnificent, and delights the eyes, as the train rushes on below, up the slopes around the sides and over the mountains, which are richly clothed with verdure; through ravines inclosed by immense peaks, on the edge of awful precipices, through long tunnels. It is a long panorama, of sometimes stern, but more often beautiful, views, and over all shines the turquoise-blue sky of the tropics, lighted by the rich golden rays of the sun, playing upon the great white clouds, the innumerable tints of the woods and rocks and lofty mountain peaks, with the vivid brightness and satisfying glamour, only duly appre-

ciated by those who have learned to love it in their tropical homes. Falls and rivers of rushing, living water make the air resonant with their music. One is reminded of Fanny Kemble's description of Berkshire scenery, though it is far less grand than that of the Sierra Madre: "For the splendid rosy sunsets over the dark-blue mountain-tops, and for the clear and lovely expanse of pure waters reflecting both, above all, for the wild, white-footed streams that come leaping down the steep stairways of the hills. I believe I do like places better than people; these only look like angels sometimes, but the earth, in such spots, looks like heaven always, especially the mountain-tops so near the sky, so near the stars, so near the sun, with the clouds below them, and the humanity of the world and its mind far below them again—all but the spirit of adoration which one has carried up thither one's-self. I do not wonder the heathen, of whom the Hebrew scriptures complain, offered sacrifices on every high hill; they seem to be altars built by God for his special worship."

As the train sped on toward the *mesa central*, the great central table-land of Mexico, it rose above the clouds, which often hid precipices of tremendous height, apparently unfathomable. At last the pouring rain shut out the magic spectacle, and we feared that the magnificent volcano of Orizaba (seen sometimes even from the Gulf of Mexico), would be hidden as we passed it. The train stopped at the depot of Orizaba, near the city of the same name, of which little could be seen. Soon afterward the mountain passes were left behind, and the great central plateau stretched before and around us, surrounded by mountain chains and peaks. At last great Orizaba loomed in its immensity before us. It was my first view of a great mountain. It is a snow-capped volcano, completely alone in its solitary grandeur. Such stupendous mountains of nature cannot be described except by the pen of genius, and I shall only note that the great volcano's peak and sides for thousands of feet from its summit were covered with ice and snow, which con-

trasted strangely with the rich verdure of the immense plain and of the lower mountains. The plateau is not so luxuriantly fertile as the lower lands of Mexico. Whether by nature or by the Spaniard's avaricious modes of agriculture, these vast plains are denuded of wood. The *maguay*, an immense spike-leaved cactus, planted in regular rows (the *pulque* plant), is the principal vegetable feature of the country. Now and then a ruin gives a greater interest to the landscape, and to one's inquiry the answer generally given is, "Burned during the French invasion."

Twice, a meal is served at the stations, at Esperanza and Orizaba, and we found our table companions polite and the food palatable. Our traveling companions belonging to a Mexican "good" family, acquainted with a member of our party, were sociable

and talkative, and in their agreeable society the few hours of rain and darkness went swiftly by. At last the lights of the great Tenochtitlan (the Aztec name of the capital), warned us that our journey's end was reached. At eight o'clock our train ran into the depot of Buena Vista. The immense and comfortable rooms of the Hotel Iturbide were duly appreciated by the weary travelers, for even such magnificent scenery is not preventive of the fatigue and dust of a long day's journey.

There is so much to interest the traveler or resident in the City of Mexico, that it would be an injustice to give even a sketch of it now. If I am permitted to say anything about it, it must be in a subsequent article.

FREDERICA BARTLETT VON GLÜMER.

TACUBAYA, MEXICO,
October, 1883.

ANTOINE VOLLON.

A PAINTERS' PAINTER.

AMONG all the pictures at the Paris Exposition of '78—among the vast canvases that filled the French galleries there—amid the brilliant display of learning, the superb figure-drawing, the masterly composition, which dazzled and overpowered one at the time, I find that two pictures have left an indelible impression upon my mind. One is Paul Dubois' magnificent "Portrait of my Children," the other Antoine Vollon's "Fisherwoman of Pollet." To think of it is to get a whiff of the sea again and the strong racy odor of fish. The picture is as ideal in its way as Millet's epitome of human life in the "Sower," or one of his "Spinners" or "Wool-carders," which seem like so many Fates, or like the Sibyls of Michael Angelo descended from their niches and dressed in the rustic costumes of Barbizon peasants. It is as invigorating as a sea-bath to look at this great, hardy, full-breasted fish-wife, bare-legged, scarcely clothed, clumping on in her sabots through the salt pools.

What is it that thus idealizes this picture, rendering it impressive among a thou-

sand, and making a sort of marine goddess of a half-naked fisherwoman? It is not, as with Millet, the noble abstraction of the forms and the severe purity of line. Here the form is anything but abstract, the lines are anything but pure. There is, on the contrary, an almost absolute indifference to form. Look at the legs, the arms, the shoulder, and you will see that the only quality of flesh that Vollon has cared for is its fleshiness. As in his still-life pictures he cares first and last for the wood-ness of wood, the metallic quality of copper, or the wet slipperiness of fish, and, that once well expressed, has done and passes on to something else; so in his figure pictures, when he has shown you the soft firmness of human muscle he is satisfied, and evidently cares nothing whether its forms are nobly sculptured or are quite common and vulgar.

Neither is it, as with the Venetians, the glow and glory of color which covers as with a royal mantle a multitude of sins of form, and raises up to its own dignity all that it touches, however mean or low, as King Cophetua did the beggar-maid. Vol-

lon's feeling for color is extremely limited. A few tones of brown or black or bottle-green, and an occasional coppery glow of deep orange, almost complete his gamut. Even within this range, he is not a colorist. That invariable mark of the colorist, the identity of the same color in light and in shadow, is wanting in his works. In them we constantly see that union of the brown shadow with cold light, which no true colorist ever was guilty of.

Yet far as his idealism is from that of Millet, or Raphael, or Titian, he *has* an idealism. He is even farther removed from that modern realistic, or rather realizing, school whose aim seems to be to copy Nature even to the pores of her skin—a school which produces many admirable studies, but, no matter how noble its subjects, no pictures. Vollon, on the other hand, if he paint but two fish, or a copper kettle, always makes a picture. He can idealize even a pumpkin! The story is, that when Bastien's wonderful "Joan of Arc" was exhibited at the Salon, it was taken from one room to another, every one objecting to have it placed near his picture. Finally it was hung beside Vollon's. Every one knows the merits of Bastien's picture; the strange sweetness of the face of his Joan, the marvelous completeness of realization of his landscape. Vollon had painted a pumpkin. Yet such was the breadth, the dignity, the nobleness of that pumpkin, that it was Bastien's picture that suffered by the neighborhood, not Vollon's.

What is, then, this mysterious quality which dignifies pumpkins and raises a study of pots and pans to the region of high art? Will it startle the reader much to be told that it is simply the power of thoroughly masterful *technique*? Yet so it is.

I said, a little back, that Vollon cared primarily for the quality of substance; the woodenness of wood, the hardness and brilliancy of metal, the firm pliability of muscle and the like. The rendering of these qualities of substances in the best possible manner and with the least possible expenditure of labor constitutes technical excellence, and when an artist possesses any great degree of technical excellence, painters term him emphatically a *painter*. He may not be a draughtsman—he may even not be

a colorist; but he is a painter. Vollon is, perhaps, the greatest *painter* living.

This is why Emile Bergerat says: "There is one artist among them all about whom criticism has had but one voice." And again: "He is a master, I tell you, and one of whom we may be proud."

This is why, whether he paints figures or landscape or still-life, he is received with applause by the artists of the world.

This is why a picture of a strapping, bare-legged fish-wife, who might be offensive in nature and who would be insupportable in a badly painted picture, holds the imagination with a powerful charm, and lingers in the mind when a thousand pictures in the "grand style" are obliterated from it.

The reader will probably protest. He will say that *technique* is interesting to artists, but that the public have no concern with it; that what interests them is the idea, not the expression of it. But let him reflect a moment whether all the foremost painters of the world are likely to be wrong about their own art. Let him assure himself that what is primarily interesting in art is the expression and not the idea—the manner and not the matter. The thought of Michael Angelo's "Creation of Adam" is fine, but it might be conveyed by a wretched drawing not worth the paper it is put upon. On the contrary, a mere study of a nude figure by Michael Angelo, without any thought at all, is almost as grand as his "Adam." It is his manner that is grand, not his subject. It is what we call style.

Now, the great qualities of noble style are abstraction and the perfect fitting of means to ends. It is the power of abstraction that marks great minds. It is the power of abstraction—of taking what he wants and leaving or subduing the rest—of taking the great forms and leaving out or subordinating the small ones—that makes Michael Angelo a great artist. It is the power of abstracting the great chords of color or the great masses of light and shadow and subduing the minor ones and so *organising* the whole into a splendid symphony of color or of light and shade, that makes the great colorist or the great chiaroscuro.

Think, then, of the grasp of intellect—of the great power of abstraction that it requires to separate from all surrounding accidents the intimate nature of an object—the very quality of its substance—and to give that; think of the profound

greatness of style, Velasquez could endue a brown jug or a calfskin book with all the grandeur and nobility of his Spanish kings. You will also begin to see why Antoine Vollon holds such a high place among the painters of to-day.



A FISHERWOMAN OF POLLET.

From the painting of A. Vollon.

knowledge of materials and of processes, and the delicate fitting of means to ends that are necessary to find on the instant the precise touch that will give its muscularity to muscle or its hardness to iron, and you will begin to see what *technique* is. You will begin to see how, by sheer

In criticisms upon Vollon one constantly finds him compared to Chardin. The comparison is obvious enough, Chardin being the one painter whose reputation rests almost entirely upon his still-life, and who has by force of large and great painting elevated still-life to the region of high art. But

Chardin's manner, though noble, is much less free than Villon's—there is much more sameness in his handling. Villon's manner approaches much nearer to that of Velasquez in the minor parts of his pictures. His resource is boundless and his control of his materials absolute. He can paint with anything. The brush, the palette-knife, the finger, the coat-sleeve, are all so many equally valuable tools to him, each employed in turn and each employed where it alone can do the work.

There follows from this the great charm of unexpectedness in his *technique*. As a friend of mine expresses it: "He seems to have *invented* upon the spur of the moment and with lightning rapidity of thought the touch which will exactly express the quality of the object which he is endeavoring to represent." The same touch may never have occurred to him before and he may never have occasion to employ it again. It is invented for its present use and for the one occasion only.

The absolute knowledge both of the thing to be represented and the means of representation, and this instant readiness of resource, show a great man. The greatness is of the same sort as that of a general or a statesman. The general or the statesman deals with men; they are his material, and his knowledge of his material and the grasp of mind and readiness of resource which enable him to deal successfully with it, constitute his greatness. The greatness of a great painter is less generally appreciated because only artists have the knowledge of the material or of the appearances of things to be represented, which is necessary to judge fairly of the ability of the rendering. Even artists and great ones, in other ways, often lack this knowledge. When Michael Angelo said that oil-painting is fit only for women and children, he showed that he did not understand oil-painting. Oil-painting is one of the noblest means for the expression of great minds. It is safe to say that no mean or small man ever painted *well*. The greatness of mind necessary to the mastery of painting is such that the fact that a man paints well—that he is master of his means of expression—is sufficient guarantee that his thought is worth expressing.

Study his picture, with the assurance that, however trivial his subject may seem, there was that in it which a great man thought it worth his while to express. If you cannot see it, it is your fault and not his. When Rembrandt painted the carcass of an ox hung up in a butcher's stall, or when Villon paints a slaughtered pig, there was something there which interested *them*, and we need not think it too low to interest us.

And so we have arrived at an understanding at last of why this picture of a Pollet fisherwoman gives us such a sensation of manly, healthy vigor; why there is such a rich, salt-sea savor about it. It is because it is the expression of a great mind working through a great, free and vigorous *technique*.

This quality of *rendu*, as the French call it—this rendering of the substances of things in the greatest way—this perfection of *technique*, in a word—is constant in all Villon's work. Look at his "Armour" in the Luxembourg gallery. There is no attempt to *realize* it. There is no painful study of minutiae, detail by detail, as Desgoffe would have painted it. But it is *armour*. The intimate quality of the thing itself—it's hardness, thinness, hollowness, strength—that which makes it what it is and not something else—is given with magnificent abstraction, as Barye would give the *beast* in one of his bronzes, caring nothing for the hide or hair. Take again his "Fish" in the same gallery. What could be more fishy? It would be impossible to express better their slimy brown backs, their silver bellies, their lack-lustre eyes and gaping, cartilaginous mouths. They are the fish themselves, or, rather, abstract conceptions of fish nature. It is the same with whatever he touches. Let him paint a splendid, decorated Renaissance *casque* or a copper pot, a distant view of Parisian roofs or a roast of beef, and the essential quality of it is set before us in the simplest and most direct manner and with the least expenditure of labor.

How he acquired his astonishing mastery is a puzzle. But little seems to be known of his life. He was born at Lyons, in 1838, and is by consequence still a young man. He seems to have had no other art education than could be gotten in the academy

of his native town. He is said to have had a hard struggle with poverty and to have engraved visiting-cards, painted signs, done anything for a living. When he began to paint still-life he sold the most admirable pictures for a mere nothing. He came up to Paris, and a young man of twenty-six, exhibited his first picture at the Salon of 1864. His success was instantaneous. From artists and from critics there was a chorus of praise, and the names of Chardin and of Villon were coupled in every mouth. The next year he obtained a medal which was followed by others in '68 and '69. Six years after his *début* he was decorated with the Legion of Honor and since then has gone on from triumph to triumph.

Personally he is said to be of the most modest and retiring nature. Emile Bergerat says: "As a man he is one of the most interesting whom I have had the fortune to know. Of an almost savage timidity, he cannot understand the admiration with which he inspires his brother artists; praises and compliments trouble him visibly. He lives hidden away with his pri-

vate joys almost inaccessible, except when he can render a service. He is known for his extreme good-nature, and many people abuse his time and his great credit. At the time of the reception of pictures for the Salon he is obliged to barricade his door."

I have heard that he has two studios, one for the exhibition of his pictures and the reception of visitors, the other, more private, for work; but that he is often to be found in neither, but disappears from the world and paints in the back room of some little inn.

Such is the man and the artist. Let me say of him once more in the words I have already quoted: "He is a master, I tell you, and one of whom we" (not the French, this time, but the painters) "may be proud."

We may well be proud of him because his career is a proof of the height to which pure *painting*, unaided by the literary spirit which the indiscriminating public is accustomed to look for and to admire in art, can raise a man.

KENVON COX.

NEW YORK IN 1783.

IT is so long since it became evident that New York would be the greatest city in the two Americas, that few persons, now living have recollection of a time when it was thought that New York would be surpassed in size and importance by other towns in the United States. Some of the elements of New York's greatness, indeed, existed long before the white man first set foot on Manhattan Island. Then, as now, the safe and capacious harbor, the broad and deep river giving access into the interior for a hundred and fifty miles, the health-giving climate, showed what nature had done toward making a great seaport. Yet Philadelphia has all these advantages save the harbor, of which she does not feel the want, by reason of her easy access to the ocean, while Newport, with a harbor in some respects finer than New York, has a more delightful climate. At the close of the Revolutionary War, it was undeniable that Philadelphia was, and had been for

more than a quarter of a century, the most important city in the country. But Knickerbockers, who thought themselves sagacious, did not hesitate to confess their apprehension that New York would not only remain inferior to Philadelphia, but become much less important than Newport; and the citizens of the latter city would have smiled with disdain at the idea of its turning out a mere collection of luxurious villas for the rich and the idle to pass the summer months in. A century ago it had not yet been perceived that the leading town of the future would be the seaport which should first open easy communication with the vast and fertile West. And it was not until after the statesmen, of whom De Witt Clinton was the leader, had succeeded in opening the Erie Canal, in 1825, that the destiny of New York became apparent.

Comparison between the little New York of former days and the big New York of our day has often been made. But such



THE VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE.
Near Kingsbridge.

comparison is more likely to attract attention this year, because it is exactly a century since a very important change occurred in the city. On the 25th of November, 1783, it was that the British troops which had held possession of the town for more than seven years evacuated it, and for the first time in its history it ceased to be ruled from the other side of the Atlantic. Of the events of that memorable day, ever since commemorated in some fashion on each recurring anniversary, the contemporaneous accounts are so abundant, that it is not difficult to get a clear idea of what New York looked like then, and to appreciate how vast have been the changes in it.

The treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed on the 3d of September, 1783. One of the results of that treaty was, that Great Britain was obliged to withdraw her troops from New York. But this was a thing not easy to do. The difficulty lay in obtaining transports. It was not the army alone for which it was necessary to find transportation. During the seven years the British had been in occupation of the city, the majority of the population had been loyalists, who had flocked thither from all parts of the country and who had mani-

festated in every way possible their wishes for the defeat of the Rebellion—as they termed it. Fearing the resentment of their triumphant countrymen, these loyalists thought it best to emigrate, and, according to the best authorities, some thirty thousand of them left New York during 1783. This number was probably two-thirds of the population of the town. The British commander was bound not to go until the last of the loyalists who claimed his protection had departed. And it became necessary to send to the West Indies and other distant points to find vessels enough to convey this great multitude to their new homes. The delay vexed the New Yorkers, who were anxious to get back to their old residences. The time dragged on, without Sir Guy Carleton, the British commander, being able to fix a day for the evacuation. At a personal conference between Washington and Sir Guy, on board of the "Greyhound" off Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, the latter could say no more than that the British troops would depart as soon as possible. The Continental army had been disbanded at Newburgh, save a small force kept together to occupy New York, and both Washington and the members of this small remnant of the army

longed for the day when their military service would cease. At last the 22d of November was fixed for the evacuation. In anticipation of this date Washington and his soldiers came down the Hudson. But the time fixed proved stormy and the evacuation was postponed until the 25th. Washington stopped at the house of Van Cortlandt, where he arrived 'about noon on the 23d. This substantial stone house, a short distance beyond Kingsbridge, is now within the limits of the city. It was built in 1748 by a son of the youngest son of the first Van Cortlandt who had come to New York, and is still occupied by one who is descended from and bears the family name of him who built it. As it looked when Washington dismounted there on the 23d. of November, 1783, so it looks at present—for time has not changed it in the least.

The picture of it here given shows the appearance it presents to-day, and the appearance it has presented on any day during the last hundred years. The room in which Washington slept is still pointed out.

Early on the morning of the 24th he and Governor Clinton rode down to the Blue Bell Tavern, in front of which the little force which was to formally take possession of New York passed in review before them. This wayside inn, becoming dilapidated with years, lasted until 1876, in which year it was burned down. It stood near the residence of the late James Gordon Bennett, in what is now called Inwood. In front of it was a large rock, in connection with which there is an interesting tradition. When the Edict of Nantes drove the Huguenots from France, some of them who lived in Rochelle, "proud city of the waters," found their way to Westchester County. The spot where they established themselves, in affectionate remembrance of the fair town from which they had been driven, they named New Rochelle. These pious Huguenots desired, in their new home, to have each Sunday the religious offices to which they had been accustomed. And there being no church of their faith nearer than Pine Street, at the lower end of Manhattan Island, they went thither ev-

ery week on foot from New Rochelle, a distance of some twenty-three miles, starting on Saturday night. Though Kingsbridge was out of their way they were obliged to cross it, because it was then the only bridge across the Harlem River, and as they proceeded down the island they rested always, as tradition has it, on the rock which stood in front of the Blue Bell Tavern.

On the 24th there was circulated about the city a hand-bill, of which the exact facsimile here given, shows what the types of that day were accustomed to do for matters of that kind.

New-York, Nov. 24, 1783.

The Committee appointed to conduct the Order of receiving their Excellencies Governor CLINTON and General WASHINGTON,

BEG Leave to inform their Fellow-Citizens, that the Troops, under the Command of Major-General KNOX, will take Possession of the City at the Hour agreed on; Tuesday next; as soon as this may be performed, he will request the Citizens who may be assembled on Horseback, at the Bowling-Green, the lower End of the Broad-Way, to accompany him to meet their Excellencies Governor CLINTON and General WASHINGTON, at the Bull's Head, in the Bowery---the Citizens on Foot to assemble at or near the Tea-water Pump at Fresh-water.

ORDER, OF PROCESSION.

A Party of Horse will precede their Excellencies and be on their flanks---after, the General and Governor, will follow the Lieutenant-Governor and Members of the Council for the temporary Government of the Southern Parts of the State---The Gentlemen on Horse-back, eight in Front---those on Foot, in the Rear, of the Horse, in like Manner. Their Excellencies, after, passing down Queen-Street, and the Line of Troops up the Broadway, will alight at CAPE's Tavern.

The Committee hope to see their Fellow-Citizens, conduct themselves with Decency and Decorum on this joyful Occasion.

CITIZENS TAKE CARE!!!

THE Inhabitants are hereby informed, that Permission has been obtained from the Commandant, to form themselves in patrols, this night, and that every order requisite will be given to the guards, as well to aid and assist, as to give protection to the patrols: And that the counter-sign will be given to THOMAS TUCKER, No. 57, Water Street, from whom it can be obtained, if necessary.

The tea-water spring mentioned in the hand-bill, for a long time famous, was situated on the northwest corner of Chatham and Baxter streets. Travelers in describing the city at an early period, record that "there is no good water to be met with in the town itself, but at a little distance there is a large spring of good water which the in-

habitants take for their tea and the uses of their kitchen."

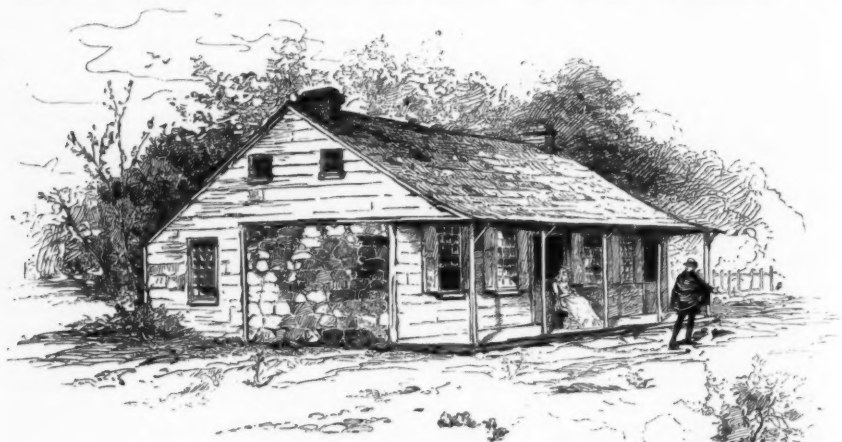
The troops, after passing in review, marched to Harlem plains, where, in the neighborhood of what was known as Day's Tavern, they encamped. This tavern stood near the present corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue. Where Washington slept on the night of the twenty-fourth is a matter of dispute. According to some it was at Day's Tavern on the west side of the island. According to others he passed the night at Leggett's Half-way Tavern, which was in what is now One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, between Lexington and Fourth avenues. This old



THE BLUE BELL TAVERN.

As it appeared in 1876, with a part of the Rock of the Huguenots.

broke clear and cold, there having been a hard frost the night before. The American troops under the command of General Knox, accompanied by Washington and



LEGGETT'S HALF-WAY TAVERN.

As it appeared in 1783.

house, built in the seventeenth century, was strongly put together, and the builder who tore it down in September, 1883, declared it was the "toughest job" he had ever, during a long experience in such things, undertaken.

The morning of the 25th of November



ITS REMAINS ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1883.

Clinton with their respective staffs marched from their encampment at Harlem to the "Bowery Lane," probably at its intersection with the Kingsbridge Road, which was at the present Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue; where they remained until about one o'clock, the British claiming the right of possession until that hour. During the morning the city was in confusion incident to the final leave-taking by the British, and many scenes amusing and otherwise occurred, one of which used to be described by the late Dr. Alexander Anderson, who witnessed it from his father's

compelled to beat a retreat, with the powder flying from his wig.

The British troops left their several posts about one o'clock and marched to Whitehall, where they embarked, and by sunset were all landed on Staten Island and Long Island, where they awaited the arrival of transports. In the early part of December they finally embarked, when the evacuation of the seaboard was complete. As soon as the British troops had retired from their post in the Bowery, the Americans marched in and took possession of the city.

When all the British troops had embark-

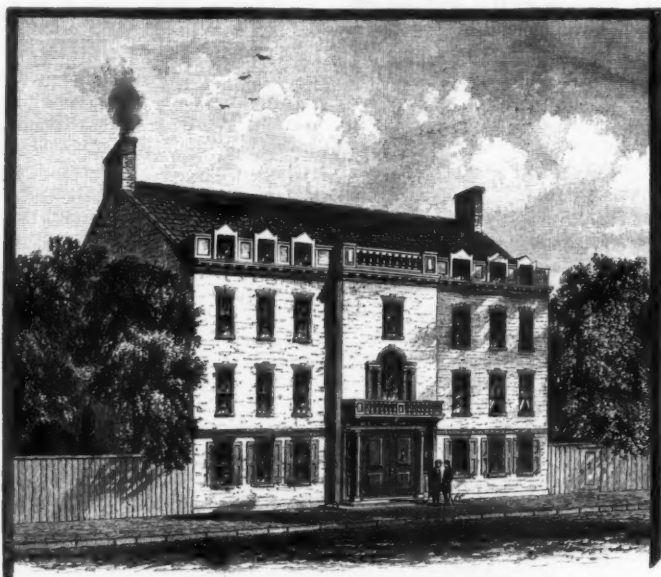


BULL'S HEAD TAVERN.

As it appeared in 1783, on the present site of the Thalia Theatre.

house near the foot of Murray Street. A man named Day kept a boarding-house opposite. Early in the morning he had raised the American flag. The fact being reported to Cunningham, the keeper of the New Jail or Provost (now the Register's Office, in the City Hall Park), he sent an order for its removal. This order being disregarded, Cunningham himself appeared on the scene. In a rage he seized the halliards and attempted to haul down the flag. At the same instant the wife of Day grasped a broomstick and belabored the irate officer so vigorously about the head that he was

ed, General Knox and his staff, together with a great number of citizens, as had been already arranged, repaired to the Bull's Head Tavern to receive the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor of the State and escort them into the city. The Bull's Head Tavern, not far from the Tea-Water Pump, stood on the site of what is now called the Thalia, better known for many years as the Bowery Theatre. The young New Yorker of the present day finds it hard to conceive of a time when this locality, not a mile from Wall Street, was out of town.



THE DE PEYSTER HOUSE.
In Pearl Street, opposite Cedar.

The procession proceeded down Queen (now Pearl) Street, and through Broadway to Cape's Tavern, which stood on the corner of Broadway and Thames Street. This famous hostelry was a favorite resort of the British officers during the war, on account of its proximity to the fashionable promenade. Its piazzas and balconies were "coigns of vantage" for the review of the loyalist belles walking down Broadway. After the conclusion of the ceremony Washington is said to have taken up his quarters at Fraunces's Tavern. Governor Clinton made the De Peyster mansion in Queen (now Pearl) Street, opposite Cedar, his official residence. This mansion, one of the elegant houses of the New York of that day, was torn down some years ago. It was the home of a family which from the time when New York was New Amsterdam has held a prominent position in the city, and which suffers no diminution of honor and respect in its present head.

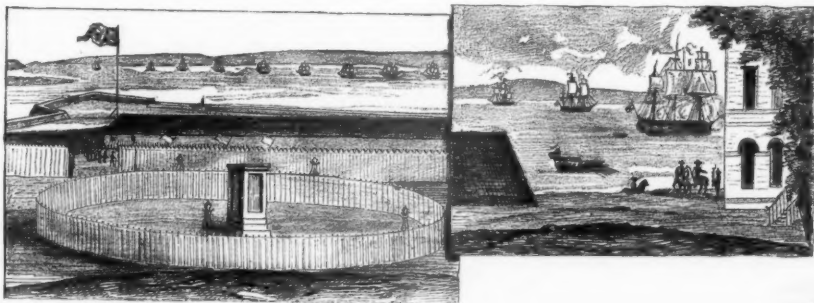
In the afternoon of Evacuation Day Governor Clinton gave a dinner to Washington and his general officers at the tav-

ern of Fraunces, or "Black Sam," as he was commonly called, from his dark complexion. This old tavern still stands on the southeast corner of Pearl and Broad streets. It was built about 1700, for a dwelling, by Etienne de Lancey, on land given him by his father-in-law, Col. Stephanus Van Cortlandt. Fraunces bought the property in 1762, and opened a tavern under the name of "The Queen's Head," in honor of "Good Queen Charlotte." After the war it was known as "Fraunces's Tavern." The dinner was given in the long room, which still remains as it was at that time. It has two fireplaces and seven windows. The festivities of the day were brought to a close by a general illumination of the houses of the citizens, and bonfires blazed on every street-corner. With all the enthusiasm that prevailed, the perfect order which existed during the day astonished not only the British residents but the people themselves. Old friendships were renewed, the asperities of past times were softened. The incoming party was inclined to be good-humored,

and the other also because its safety depended upon reconciliation. To quote part of a letter written by Chancellor Robert R. Livingston to John Jay—"Our enemies are hardly more astonished than we are ourselves, and than you will be when you hear that we have been five days in town without the smallest disturbance; that the most obnoxious royalists that had sufficient confidence in our clemency to stay had not met with the least insult. Their shops were opened the day after we came in, and Rivington himself goes on as usual. The *State of New York Gazette* is as well received as if he had never been printer to the King's most excellent majesty. So that your friends in Europe will find their apprehensions ill-founded, and that the race of Tories will not, after all, be totally extinct in America. Perhaps by good training and by crossing the breed frequently (as they are very tame), they may be made useful animals in a few generations."

The editor of the *State of New York Gazette* was James Rivington, who had been all through the war a bitter antagonist of the patriot cause, and had frequently vilified Washington as "the murderer of André" in his paper, which then he called *The Royal Gazette*. Being assured by Governor Clinton of safety to his person and property, he had continued his paper under the name of *The New York Gazette*, and published panegyrics on Washington after the evacuation. Still he was uneasy about his treatment by certain of the patriots, especially by Ethan Allen, who captured Ticon-

deroga. At last the day of reckoning came. Besides conducting his paper he was a bookseller, doing business at the corner of Pearl and Wall streets, where he also resided. He was a man of large proportions, florid complexion, handsome countenance, always well-dressed and powdered, and of singularly winning and courteous manners. The interview between Allen and himself is best told in his own words: "I was sitting, after a good dinner, alone, with my bottle of Madeira before me," says Rivington, "when I heard an unusual noise in the street, and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and on stepping to the window saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with large cocked hat and enormously long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally cheered him with huzzas, of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped; I could see no more—my heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut down the window and retired behind my table and bottle. I was certain that the hour of reckoning was come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples came in, paler than ever, and clasping his hands, said, 'Master! he has come!' 'I know it.' 'He entered the store, and asked if James Rivington lived here?' I answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir,' I said; and now, master, what is to be done?' I had made up my mind—I looked at the Madeira; possibly I took a glass—'Show him up,' I said. And I thought if such Madeira cannot mollify him he must be harder



THE BOWLING GREEN.

With Pedestal of Statue of George III., the Bay, and a corner of Kennedy House, from the Portrait of Washington, by Trumbull, in the office of the Mayor of New York.

than adamant. There was a fearful moment of suspense. I listened; I heard him on the stairs, and heard his long sword clanking on every step. In he stalked. 'Is your name James Rivington?' 'It is, sir; and no man could be more happy to see General Ethan Allen. Take a chair, sir, by the table; and after a glass of this Madeira—' He sat down and began, 'Sir, I come—' 'Not a word, General, 'till you take a glass,' and I filled. 'Ten years old of my own keeping—another glass, sir; and then we will talk of old affairs.' Sir, we finished two bottles, and parted as good friends as if nothing had ever happened to make us otherwise."

On the next day, the 26th, a formal address was made to Washington by citizens who had lately returned from exile. It is worth while giving this address and Washington's reply thereto, to show the difference which a hundred years has made in the public taste:

SIR,—At a moment when this arm of Tyranny is yielding up its fondest usurpations, we hope the salutation of long-suffering Exiles, but now happy freemen, will not be deemed an unworthy tribute.

In this place, and at this moment of exultation and triumph, while the Ensigns of Slavery still linger in our sight, we look up to you, our deliverer, with unusual transports of Gratitude and Joy. Permit us to Welcome you to this city, long torn from us by the hard hand of oppression, but now, by your wisdom and energy, under the guidance of Providence, once more the seat of Peace and Freedom; we forbear to speak our gratitude or your Praise—we should but echo the voice of applauding millions; But the Citizens of New York are eminently indebted to your virtues, and we who have now the honour to address your Excellency, have been often companions of your sufferings, and witnesses of your exertions. Permit us therefore to approach your Excellency with the Dignity and Sincerity of freemen, and to assure you that we shall preserve with our latest breath, our Gratitude for your services, and Veneration for your Character; and accept of our sincere and earnest wishes that you may long enjoy that calm domestic felicity which you have so generously sacrificed; that the Cries of Injured Liberty may never more interrupt your repose, and that your happiness may be equal to your Virtues.

Signed at the request of the meeting.

THOMAS RANDALL,	WM. GILBERT, Senr.,
DAN'L PHENIX,	WM. GILBERT, Jr.,
SAM'L BROOME,	FRANCIS VAN DYCK,
THOS. TUCKER,	JEREMIAH WOOL,
HENRY KIPP,	GEORGE JANEWAY,
PAT. DENNIS,	ABRAHAM P. LOTT,
	EPHRAIM BRASHER.

The following was the reply:

To the Citizens of New York, who have returned from Exile:

I thank you sincerely for your affectionate Address, and entreat you to be persuaded, that nothing could be more agreeable to me than your polite Congratulations: Permit me, in turn, to felicitate you on the happy repossession of your City.

Great as your joy must be on this pleasing occasion, it can scarcely exceed that, which I feel at seeing you, Gentlemen, who, from the noblest motives, have suffered a voluntary Exile of many Years, return again in Peace and Triumph to enjoy the Fruits of your virtuous Conduct.

The Fortitude and Perseverance which you and your suffering Brethren have exhibited in the Course of the War, have not only endeared you to your Countrymen, but will be remembered with admiration and applause to the latest posterity.

May the Tranquillity of your City be perpetual: May the Ruins soon be repaired, Commerce flourish, Science be fostered, and all the civil and social Virtues be cherished, in the same illustrious manner which formerly reflected so much credit on the Inhabitants of New York. In fine, may every Species of Felicity attend you, Gentlemen, and your worthy fellow Citizens.

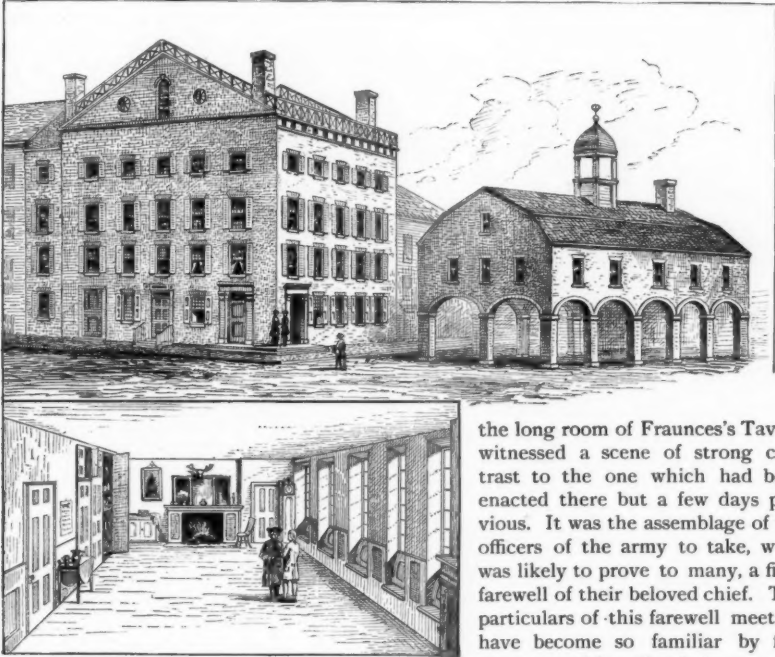
GO. WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK, November 26, 1783.

One can imagine the effect of stilted addresses of this sort, printed with all their capital letters, in New York newspapers of 1883. What torrents of ridicule they would call forth! All the wits of the hour would make them the subject of endless paragraphs, and changes would be rung for days on "the ensigns of slavery," the "cries of injured liberty," and all the other fine phrases of these magniloquent addresses.

An address was also presented to the Governor, to which he made a reply.

On the 27th the council for the temporary government of the Southern District ordered that all persons becoming inhabitants of the city must report their names, former residence, and number of their families, to the Secretary, within twenty-four hours after arrival. On Friday, the 28th, the rejoicing was continued by an entertainment at Cape's Tavern, given by the returned exiles to the Governor and Council, which was attended by General Washington, officers of the army, and about three hundred gentlemen. "The evening was spent in great good-humor, hilarity and mirth, becoming the joyous occasion of their meeting," says the chronicles of the



FRAUNCES'S TAVERN.

As it appeared in November, 1783, with the Royal Exchange in front, and a view of the Long Room.

time. The usual number of thirteen toasts were drunk at the close of the feast.

Still another gathering around the social board took place at the same tavern on the 2d of December, when a dinner was given to the Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French Ambassador, by the Governor. Washington and the principal officers of the army and State were present. In the evening a display of fireworks was given on the Bowling Green, at the end of Broadway, in honor of the conclusion of peace. It began with a representation of a dove descending with an olive branch, and concluded with a figure of Fame, and a flight of a hundred rockets. This exhibition, which commenced at six and ended at seven o'clock, was the most elaborate, up to that time, ever given in this city, and was witnessed by an applauding crowd that filled Broadway and the adjacent streets.

On Thursday noon, the 4th of December,

the long room of Fraunces's Tavern witnessed a scene of strong contrast to the one which had been enacted there but a few days previous. It was the assemblage of the officers of the army to take, what was likely to prove to many, a final farewell of their beloved chief. The particulars of this farewell meeting have become so familiar by frequent repetition that it is unnecessary to recount them.

At this time the city presented to the returning patriots a forlorn appearance. Streets and buildings had gone to decay, only such repairs having been made as were absolutely necessary. To this were added the blackened ruins of two great fires. The first took place immediately after the Americans had left the city, in September, 1776; it burned all the houses on the east side of Whitehall Slip, and the west side of Broad Street, to Beaver Street, the wind changing from the southwest to the southeast, carried the flames to the westward, and burned both sides of Beaver Street to the east of Broadway as far as Exchange Place, and nearly all the houses on the west side of Broadway from Morris to Barclay streets, including Trinity Church and the Lutheran Church. St. Paul's escaped through the exertions of the citizens. Four hundred and ninety-three houses were swept away. In 1778 another fire broke out on Cruger's Wharf, and destroyed nearly three blocks of dwellings and stores.



REMAINS OF THE PITT STATUE.

Which stood at the corner of Wall and William streets, and tail of the horse and other portions of the statue of George III., which stood in the Bowling Green; all now in the museum of the New York Historical Society.

In 1783 the city extended no farther north than Reade Street, and was divided into seven wards, viz., the North, South, East, West, Montgomerie's and the Out wards. The last named was on the East River, with Roosevelt Street and the Collect, or Fresh Water Pond, for its western boundary. The streets were irregular and partly paved. The dwellings of the better class were of brick and of small dimensions, with here and there the massive double houses of the colonial aristocracy. Then, as now, Broadway was the principal street. On the west or North River side of the island the banks were high and steep, with but few wharves. Greenwich Street, beginning in the rear of Trinity Church, was washed by the tide. The principal business part of the city was on the East River, where were located the wharves for the accommodation of shipping. The ferry to Long Island was at the

Fly Market, foot of Maiden Lane; that to Staten Island started from Scotch Johnnie's tavern at Whitehall Slip. The ferry to Powles Hook, now Jersey City, started from Cortlandt Street. Of the churches, only the Episcopal remained intact. These were St. Paul's and St. George's, Trinity having been burned. The others had been used as hospitals, riding-schools and prisons, and were in an extremely filthy condition. St. Paul's Chapel alone remains of all the houses of worship of that period. The public buildings were few and plain. The City Hall stood on the site of the present United States Treasury Building, at the head of Broad Street. Farther down Broad Street, at the intersection of Dock (now Pearl) Street, stood the Royal Exchange, on arches in the middle of the street. It was used as a market during the British occupation. At the lower end of Broadway was Fort George, on ground now bounded by Battery Place, Whitehall, Bridge and State streets. The present Battery Park has been since constructed. Facing the Fort was the Bowling Green, with the pedestal of the gilded statue of George III. in the centre. The iron railing which now surrounds it was there in 1783 also, having been put up before the Revolution. The statue had been pulled down by the American soldiers in 1776. The slab placed on top of the pedestal on which the statue rested was taken to Powles Hook in 1783, to serve as a gravestone for an officer of the famous "Black Watch," or Forty-second Highlanders. Later, it was used as a doorstep. It has now a final resting-place with the fragments of the King's statue in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, where is also to be seen the headless statue of Pitt that stood on the corner of Smith, now William and Wall streets, in 1783.

When, six years after the evacuation, John Trumbull, the son of that Jonathan who has given a nickname to his countrymen from Washington's habit of calling him "Brother Jonathan," returned from England to put in practice as a painter the instruction he had received from Benjamin West, the young artist was commissioned by the city to paint a portrait of Washington. This portrait, much faded by time, still hangs in

the office of the Mayor of New York. At the bottom of the painting is depicted the Bowling Green, as it appeared at that day.

Passing up Broadway, one would have come to the ruins of Trinity Church. The space in front was the fashionable promenade, and called the "Church Walk," and the Mall. During the war seats were provided for the people who came to hear the music of the military bands. Concerts were given every evening. There were only four brick houses on Broadway opposite St. Paul's Chapel. Two of them were under one roof at the northwest corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, where the Astor House now stands. The corner house bore a sign-board inscribed "Road to Albany." The other were two on the site of the *Herald* and Park Bank buildings. One of these had a sign directing the traveler to the "Road to Boston." From this spot the eye had an unobstructed view across the fields of the Hospital, which stood at the head of Pearl Street until 1869, and King's, now Columbia College, on Church Street at the end of Park Place. Opposite the Park, near Murray Street, was Walker's Fives Alley, where Sir Henry Clinton and his officers used to play billiards. The City Hall Park, then known as the Commons or fields, had long been a place for meetings of the populace. The present Register's Office was then known as the New Jail or Provost, presided over during the war by Cunningham, who admitted that he had starved to death a great number of the American prisoners by selling their rations. The more distinguished prisoners were confined here, naval, military and civilian. One of the chambers in the northwest part of the building was called Congress Hall, from the official character of the inmates. This is the only building remaining of the prisons of the Revolution.

The Rhinelander sugar-house still stands in Rose Street, but it is doubtful if it was used as a prison. In the east wall of this sugar-

house can be seen the initials B. R. C. in black brick, which represent Barent Ryn- ders Cuyler, the infant son of Henry Cuyler, the owner. On the west end are the letters J. S., the initials of the builder, John Staggs; and on the south side is the date of its erection, in iron figures, 1763. The Cuylers were loyalists.

The fashionable residences at this time were in Broadway and Wall Street. In the latter street resided a belle whose reign, beginning during the occupation of the British, continued long after the evacuation—even to the third generation of beaux—as she used to express it. "The scarlet fever had been succeeded by the blue devils." No. 1 Broadway and its next-door neighbor escaped the fire of 1776, and remained until two years ago. No. 1 was built by Captain Kennedy, of the Royal



THE PROVOST.

As it appeared in November, 1783, and its present appearance as the Hall of Records.



THE RUINS OF TRINITY CHURCH.

As they appeared November 25, 1783, from a drawing now in possession of Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq., of the City of New York, and made for Lord Rawdon, Adjutant-General of the British Forces in America, before his departure for England. The tower, it will be observed, was not on Broadway, as now, but at the opposite end.

Navy, afterward Earl of Cassilis; adjoining it were the mansions of the Watts, Livingston and Stevens families. The Verplanck mansion was in Wall Street, and the most famous of all the colonial houses—that of Walton—was in Franklin, then St. George's Square, directly opposite the great establishment of Harper & Brothers.

Of all the buildings which could be seen within the present limits of the City of New York, on the 25th of November, 1783, five only remain. Two of these, the Van Cortlandt House and St. Paul's Chapel, have undergone no change. The remaining three, viz., the Rhinelander sugar-house, the Provost and Fraunces's Tavern have been altered more or less.

No better summary can be made of the condition of New York at the time of the evacuation than one which occurs in an address delivered before the New York Historical Society in 1876:

"New York, stripped of everything; her streets in decay; her halls in dilapidation; her churches burned, desecrated or abused; whole sections of charred and blackened ruins; her shops empty—the retiring tradesmen having conveyed away their goods as well as their profits—her tenements vacant; her citizens in poverty and rags; a city of desolation—yet, like the athlete who has thrown aside every external trapping, and stands, stripped to the loins, for the contest which is to strain every nerve and draw each muscle to the utmost tension, a contest of which fame, and wealth, and honor are the reward,—she is stronger for her nakedness. In a few years she appears reorganized, rebuilt, with new architecture, new institutions, *facile princeps* the imperial city of the continent."

MARY A. BALL.

THE MAKER OF MANY BOOKS.

DURING the winter of 1879, when the present writer was in London, it was his fortune to attend a social meeting of literary men at the rooms of a certain eminent publisher. The rooms were full of tobacco-smoke and talk, amid which were discernible on all sides, the figures and faces of men more or less renowned in the world of books. Most noticeable among these personages was a broad-shouldered, sturdy man of middle height, with a ruddy countenance, and snow-white, tempestuous beard and hair. He wore large, gold-rimmed spectacles, but his eyes were black and brilliant, and looked at his interlocutor with a certain genial fury of inspection. He seemed to be in a state of some excitement; he spoke volubly and almost boisterously, and his voice was full-toned and powerful, though pleasant to the ear. He turned himself, as he spoke, with a burly briskness, from one side to another, addressing himself first to this auditor and then to that, his words bursting forth from beneath his white mustache with such an impetus of hearty breath, that it seemed as if all opposing arguments must be blown quite away. Meanwhile he flourished in the air an ebony walking-stick, with much vigor of gesticulation, and narrowly missing, as it appeared, the pates of his listeners. He was clad in evening dress, though the rest of the company was, for the most part, in mufti; and he was an exceedingly fine-looking old gentleman. At the first glance, you would have taken him to be some civilized and modernized Squire Western, nourished with beef and ale, and roughly hewn out of the most robust and least refined variety of human clay. Looking at him more narrowly, however, you would have reconsidered this judgment. Though his general contour and aspect were massive and sturdy, the lines of his features were delicately cut; his complexion was remarkably pure and fine, and his face was susceptible of very subtle and sensitive

changes of expression. Here was a man of abundant physical strength and vigor, no doubt, but carrying within him a nature more than commonly alert and impressible. His organization, though thoroughly healthy, was both complex and high-wrought; his character was simple and straightforward to a fault, but he was abnormally conscientious, and keenly alive to others' opinion concerning him. It might be thought that he was overburdened with self-esteem, and unduly opinionated; but, in fact, he was but over-anxious to secure the good-will and agreement of all with whom he came in contact. There was some peculiarity in him—some element or bias in his composition that made him different from other men; but, on the other hand, there was an ardent solicitude to annul or reconcile this difference, and to prove himself to be, in fact, of absolutely the same cut and quality as all the rest of the world. Hence he was in a demonstrative, expository or argumentative mood; he could not sit quiet in the face of a divergence between himself and his associates; he was incorrigibly strenuous to obliterate or harmonize the irreconcilable points between him and others; and since these points remained irreconcilable, he remained in a constant state of storm and stress on the subject.

It was impossible to help liking such a man, at first sight; and I believe that no man in London society was more generally liked than Anthony Trollope. There was something pathetic in his attitude, as above indicated; and a fresh and boyish quality always invested him. His artlessness was boyish, and so were his acuteness and his transparent but somewhat belated good sense. He was one of those rare persons who not only have no reserves, but who can afford to dispense with them. After he had shown you all he had in him, you would have seen nothing that was not gentlemanly, honest and clean. He was a quick-tem-

pered man, and the ardor and hurry of his temperament made him seem more so than he really was; but he was never more angry than he was forgiving and generous. He was hurt by little things, and little things pleased him; he was suspicious and perverse, but in a manner that rather endeared him to you than otherwise. Altogether, to a casual acquaintance, who knew nothing of his personal history, he was something of a paradox—an entertaining contradiction. The recent publication of his autobiography* has explained many things in his character that were open to speculation; and, indeed, the book is not only the most interesting and amusing that its author has ever written, but it places its subject before the reader more completely and comprehensively than most autobiographies do. This, however, is due much less to any direct effort or intention on the writer's part, than to the unconscious self-revelation which meets the reader on every page. No narrative could be simpler, less artificial; and yet, everywhere, we read between the lines, and, so to speak, discover Anthony Trollope in spite of his efforts to discover himself to us.

The truth appears to be that the youthful Trollope, like a more famous fellow-novelist, began the world with more kicks than halfpence. His boyhood, he affirms, was as unhappy as that of a young gentleman could well be, owing to a mixture of poverty and gentle standing on his father's part, and, on his own, to "an utter lack of juvenile manhood"—whatever that may be. His father was a lawyer, who frightened away all his clients by his outrageous temper, and who encountered one mischance after another until he landed himself and his family in open bankruptcy; from which they were rescued, partly by death, which carried away four of them (including the old gentleman), and partly by Mrs. Trollope, who, at fifty years of age, brought out her famous book on America, and continued to make a fair income by literature (as she called it) until 1856, when, being seventy-six years old, and having produced one hundred and fourteen volumes, she permitted herself to retire. This extraordi-

nary lady, in her youth, cherished what her son calls "an emotional dislike to tyrants;" but when her American experience had made her acquainted with some of the seamy aspects of democracy, and especially after the aristocracy of her own country had begun to patronize her, she confessed the error of her early way, "and thought that archduchesses were sweet." But she was certainly a valiant and indefatigable woman,—"of all the people I have ever known," says her son, "the most joyous, or, at any rate, the most capable of joy;" and he adds that her best novels were written in 1834-35, when her husband and four of her six children were dying upstairs of consumption, and she had to divide her time between nursing them and writing. Assuredly, no son of hers need apprehend the reproach—"Tydides melior matre;" though Anthony, and his brother Thomas Adolphus, must, together, have run her pretty hard. The former remarks, with that terrible complacency in an awful fact which is one of his most noticeable and astounding traits, that the three of them "wrote more books than were probably ever before produced by a single family." The existence of a few more such families could be consistent only with a generous enlargement of the British Museum.

The elder Trollope was a scholar, and to make scholars of his sons was one of his ruling ideas. Poor little Anthony endured no less than twelve mortal years of schooling—from the time he was seven until he was nineteen—and declares that, in all that time, he does not remember that he ever knew a lesson. "I have been flogged," he says, "oftener than any other human being." Nay, his troubles began before his school-days; for his father used to make him recite his infantile tasks to him while he was shaving, and obliged him to sit with his head inclined in such a manner "that he could pull my hair without stopping his razor or dropping his shaving-brush." This is a depressing picture; and there is plenty more like it. Dr. Butler, the master of Harrow, meeting the poor little draggle-tail urchin in the yard, desired to know, in awful accents, how so dirty a boy dared to show himself near the school? "He must have known me, had he seen me as he was

* *An Autobiography*. By Anthony Trollope. William Blackwood, London and Edinburgh. 1883.

wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me constantly. Perhaps," adds his victim, "he did not recognize me by my face!" But it is comforting to learn, in another place, that justice overtook the oppressor. "Dr. Butler only lived to be Dean of Peterborough; but his successor (Dr. Longley) became Archbishop of Canterbury." There is a great deal of Trollopian morality in the fate of these two men, the latter of whom "could not have said anything ill-natured if he had tried."

Black care, however, continued to sit behind the horseman with harrowing persistence. A certain Dr. Drury (another schoolmaster) punished him on suspicion of "some nameless horror," of which the unfortunate youngster happened to be innocent. When, afterward, the latter fact began to be obvious, "he whispered to me half a word that perhaps he had been wrong. But, with a boy's stupid slowness, I said nothing, and he had not the courage to carry reparation farther." The poverty of Anthony's father deprived the boy of all the external advantages that might have enabled him to take rank with his fellows; and his native awkwardness and sensitiveness widened the breach. "I had no friend to whom I could pour out my sorrows. I was big, awkward and ugly, and I have no doubt skulked about in a most unattractive manner. Something of the disgrace of my school-days has clung to me all through life. When I have been claimed as school-fellow by some of those many hundreds who were with me either at Harrow or at Winchester, I have felt that I had no right to talk of things from most of which I was kept in estrangement. I was never a coward, but to make a stand against three hundred tyrants required a moral courage which I did not possess." Once, however, they pushed him too far, and he was driven to rebellion. "And then came a great fight—at the end of which my opponent had to be taken home to be cured." And then he utters the characteristic wish that some one of the many who witnessed this combat may still be left alive. "Who will be able to say that in claiming this solitary glory of my school-days, I am making no false boast?" The lonely, lugubrious little champion!

One would almost have been willing to have received from him a black eye and a bloody nose, only to comfort his sad heart. It is delightful to imagine the terrific earnestness of that solitary victory; and I would like to know what boy it was (if any) who lent the unpopular warrior a knee and wiped his face.

After he got through his school-days, his family being then abroad, he had an offer of a commission in an Austrian cavalry regiment; and he might have been a major-general or field-marshal at this day had his schooling made him acquainted with the French and German languages. Being, however, entirely ignorant of these, he was obliged to study them in order to his admission; and while he was thus employed, he received news of a vacant clerkship in the General Post Office, with the dazzling salary of £90 a year. Needless to say that he jumped at such an opening, seeing before him a vision of a splendid civil and social career, at something over twenty pounds a quarter. But London, even fifty years ago, was a more expensive place than Anthony imagined. Moreover, the boy was alone in the wilderness of the city, with no one to advise or guide him. The consequence was, that these latter days of his youth were as bad or worse than the beginning. In reviewing his plight at this period, he observes: "I had passed my life where I had seen gay things, but had never enjoyed them. There was no house in which I could habitually see a lady's face or hear a lady's voice. At the Post Office I got credit for nothing, and was reckless. I hated my work, and, more than all, I hated my idleness. Borrowings of money, sometimes absolute want, and almost constant misery, followed as a matter of course. I had a full conviction that my life was taking me down to the lowest pits—a feeling that I had been looked upon as an evil, an encumbrance, a useless thing, a creature of whom those connected with me had to be ashamed. Even my few friends were half-ashamed of me. I acknowledge the weakness of a great desire to be loved—a strong wish to be popular. No one had ever been less so." Under these circumstances, he remarks, that, although, no doubt, if the mind be strong

enough, the temptation will not prevail. Yet he is fain to admit that the temptation prevailed with him. He did not sit at home, after his return from the office, in the evening, to drink tea and read, but tramped out in the streets, and tried to see life and be jolly on £90 a year. He borrowed four pounds of a money-lender, to augment his resources, and found, after a few years, that he had paid him two hundred pounds for the accommodation. He met with every variety of absurd and disastrous adventure. The mother of a young woman with whom he had had an innocent flirtation in the country appeared one day at his desk in the office, and called out before all the clerks, "Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?" On another occasion a sum of money was missing from the table of the director. Anthony was summoned. The director informed him of the loss—"and, by G—!" he continued, thundering his fist down on the table, "no one has been in the room but you and I." "Then, by G—!" cried Anthony, thundering his fist down upon something, "you have taken it!" This was very well; but the thing which Anthony had thumped happened to be, not a table, but a movable desk with an inkstand on it, and the ink flew up and deluged the face and shirt-front of the enraged director. Still another adventure was that of the Queen of Saxony and the Half-Crown; but the reader must investigate these matters for himself.

So far there has been nothing looking toward the novel-writer. But now we learn that from the age of fifteen to twenty-six Anthony kept a journal, which, he says, "convicted me of folly, ignorance, indiscretion, idleness and conceit, but habituated me to the rapid use of pen and ink, and taught me how to express myself with facility." In addition to this, and more to the purpose, he had formed an odd habit. Living, as he was forced to do, so much to himself, if not by himself, he had to play, not with other boys, but with himself; and his favorite play was to conceive a tale, or series of fictitious events, and to carry it, on, day after day, for months together, in his mind. "Nothing impossible was ever introduced, or vi-

olently improbable. I was my own hero, but I never became a king or a duke, still less an Antinous, or six feet high. But I was a very clever person, and beautiful young women used to be very fond of me. I learned in this way to live in a world outside the world of my own material life." This is pointedly, even touchingly, characteristic. Never, to the day of his death, did Mr. Trollope either see or imagine anything impossible, or violently improbable, in the world. This mortal plane of things never dissolved before his gaze and revealed the mysteries of absolute Being; his heavens were never rolled up as a scroll, and his earth had no bubbles as the water hath. He took things as he found them; and he never found them out. Such being the case, it is infinitely to his credit that he wrote somewhere about fifty long novels; and it is scarcely less to the credit of the English people that they paid him seventy thousand pounds for these novels and read them!

But his success as a man of letters was still many years in the future. After seven years in the London office, he went to Ireland as assistant surveyor, and thenceforward he began to enjoy his business, and to get on in it. He was paid sixpence a mile, and he would ride forty miles a day. He rode to hounds, incidentally, whenever he got a chance, and he kept up the practice, with enthusiasm, to within a few years of his death. "It will, I think, be accorded to me," he says, "that I have ridden hard. I know very little about hunting; I am blind, very heavy, and I am now old; but I ride with a boy's energy, hating the roads, and despising young men who ride them; and I feel that life cannot give me anything better than when I have gone through a long run to the finish, keeping a place, not of glory, but of credit, among my juniors." Riding, working, having a jolly time, and gradually increasing his income, he lived until 1842, when he became engaged; and he was married on June 11, 1844. "I ought to name that happy day," he declares, "as the commencement of my better life." It was at about this date, also, that he began and finished, not without delay and procrastination, his first novel. Curiously

enough, he affirms that he did not doubt his own intellectual sufficiency to write a readable novel: "What I did doubt was my own industry, and the chances of a market." Never, surely, was self-distrust more unfounded. As for the first novel, he sent it to his mother, to dispose of as best she could; and it never brought him anything, except a perception that it was considered by his friends to be "an unfortunate aggravation of the family disease." During the ensuing ten years, this view seemed to be not unreasonable, for, in all that time, though he worked hard, he earned by literature no more than £55. But, between 1857 and 1860, he received for various novels from £100 to £1,000 each; and thereafter, £3,000 or more was his regular price for a story in three volumes. As he maintained his connection with the post-office until 1867, he was in receipt of an income of £4,500, "of which I spent two-thirds and put by one." We should be doing an injustice to Mr. Trollope to omit these details, which he gives so frankly; for, as he early informs us, "my first object in taking to literature was to make an income on which I and those belonging to me might live in comfort." Nor will he let us forget that novel-writing, to him, was not so much an art, or even a profession, as a trade, in which all that can be asked of a man is that he should be honest and punctual, turning out good average work, and the more the better. "The great secret consists in"—in what?—why, "in acknowledging myself to be bound to rules of labor similar to those which an artisan or mechanic is forced to obey." There may be, however, other incidental considerations. "I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience;" and he tells us that he has used some of his novels for the expression of his political and social convictions. Again—"the novelist must please, and he must teach; a good novel should be both realistic and sensational in the highest degree." He says that he sees no reason why two or three good novels should not be written at the same time; and that, for his own part, he was accustomed to write two hundred and fifty words every fifteen min-

utes, by the watch, during his working hours. Nor does he mind letting us know that when he sits down to write a novel, he neither knows nor cares how it is to end. And finally, one is a little startled to hear him say, epigrammatically, that a writer should not have to tell a story, but should have a story to tell. Beyond a doubt, Anthony Trollope is something of a paradox.

But the world has long ago passed its judgment on his stories, and nothing in the way of criticism upon them shall be obtruded here. It is interesting, all the same, to note his own opinion of them; and though never arrogant, he is generally tolerant, if not genial. "A novel should be a picture of common life, enlivened by humor and sweetened by pathos. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius," he says; but again, with strange imperviousness, "a small daily task, if it be daily, will beat the labors of a spasmodic Hercules." Beat them, how? Why, in quantity. But how about quality? Is the travail of a work of art the same thing as the making of a pair of shoes?—Emerson tells us that—

"Ever the words of the gods resound,
But the porches of man's ear
Seldom, in this low life's round,
Are unsealed, that he may hear."

No one disputes, however, that you may hear the tapping of the cobbler's hammer at any time.

To the view of the present writer, how much good soever Mr. Trollope may have done as a preacher and moralist, he has done great harm to English fictitious literature by his novels; and it need only be added, in this connection, that his methods and results in novel-writing seem best to be explained by that peculiar mixture of separateness and commonplaceness which we began by remarking in him. The separateness has given him the standpoint whence he has been able to observe and describe the commonplaceness with which (in spite of his separateness) he is in vital sympathy.

But Trollope the man is the abundant and consoling compensation for Trollope the novelist; and one wishes that his books might have died, and he lived on indefinitely. It is charming to read of his life

in London after his success in the *Cornhill Magazine*. "Up to that time I had lived very little among men. It was a festival to me to dine at the 'Garrick.' I think I became popular among those with whom I associated. I have ever wished to be liked by those around me—a wish that during the first half of my life was never gratified." And, again, in summing up his life, he says: "I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought to me no sorrow. It has been the companionship rather than the habit of smoking that I loved. I have never desired to win money, and I have lost none. To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and ill-effects—to have the sweet, and to leave the bitter untasted—that has been my study. I will not say that I have never scorched a finger; but I carry no ugly wounds."

A man who, at the end of his career, could make such a profession as this—who felt the need of no further self-vin-

dication than this—such a man, whatever may have been his accountability to the muse of Fiction, is a credit to England and to human nature, and deserves to be numbered among the darlings of mankind. It was an honor to be called his friend; and what his idea of friendship was, may be learned from the passage in which he speaks of his friend Millais—with the quotation of which this paper may fitly be concluded.

"To see him has always been a pleasure; his voice has always been a sweet sound in my ears. Behind his back I have never heard him praised without joining the eulogist; I have never heard a word spoken against him without opposing the censor. These words, should he ever see them, will come to him from the grave, and will tell him of my regard—as one living man never tells another."

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Recent Literature.

To write the biography of a living man is a difficult and delicate operation. It is so, even when he whose biography is written has played a great part in military or political events, and has had a career which has been an important portion of the history of his country. But the difficulty is immeasurably increased when it is attempted to write the biography of one who is known to the world by his writings principally, and most of whose actual life has gone on altogether apart from public view. Of the possession of the rare taste and tact essential for such a work Mr. Francis H. Underwood has given ample proof in his just issued biography of *John Greenleaf Whittier*.* A prefatory notice says that the book was undertaken with the approval of Mr. Whittier, and we do not see that he has any reason to be dissatisfied with what Mr. Underwood has done. He has traced the course of our beloved poet's life from his birth to the present time, with an affection that is never betrayed into indiscriminate panegyric. The narrative is most interesting and valuable as a guide to and interpreter of Mr. Whittier's works. The anecdotes in the

volume can be relied on as authentic, and interesting and well told those anecdotes are. In an appendix is an admirable personal sketch of Mr. Whittier, by Miss Nora Perry, and two poems written by him between forty and fifty years ago and not published in his* collected works. There are portraits of the poet as he looks now and at the age of thirty, a portrait of his mother and one of his sister Elizabeth, a view of his birthplace, and of his present residence, Oak Knoll, Danvers.

In a dainty booklet Mr. Whittier has collected about a score of his latest poems. The place of honor is given to *The Bay of Seven Islands*,* a narrative in that ballad form of which he is such a master. "The Bay of Seven Islands" is in Mr. Whittier's best manner. It is spirited, imaginative and vigorous. The warmth of Mr. Whittier's friendships is shown in the lines he has addressed to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Vice-President Wilson, Longfellow, James T. Fields and H. P. S., who, we take it, is Harriet Prescott Spofford. And the

* *John Greenleaf Whittier: a Biography*. By Francis H. Underwood. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

* *The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems*. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1883.

affectionate nature of the poet appears in
 "What the Traveler said at Sunset:"

"As from the lighted hearths behind me
 I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
 What waits me in the land of strangeness?
 What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?
 What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
 What thunder-roll of music stun?
 What vast processions sweep before me
 Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?
 I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
 I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
 Give me the unforgotten faces,
 And let my lost ones speak again."

Among the sonnets is the beautiful one on
 "The Story of Ida," which first appeared in
 THE MANHATTAN. It is interesting by compar-
 ing the poems in this little volume with
 those of his earliest years to trace the changes
 which time has made in his verse. In his later
 as in his younger efforts we find the same cor-
 rect and beautiful descriptions of natural scenery,
 the same aspirations for everything that
 is good and pure and strengthening. But the
 rush of passion, the fiery indignation against
 wrong-doers, the prophetic anathema of former
 days have passed away. In their place have
 come gentle pity, the widest toleration, and a
 serenity and perfect equipoise which are at-
 tained only by a good man toward the end
 of a well-spent life.

Few, indeed, are the novelists who are
 worthy of critical study, but among these few
 must certainly be reckoned *George Eliot*.*
 She was one of those whose characters are
 creations, though creations of a peculiar kind.
 She saw the philosophic side of life more than
 the poetic. Yet her philosophy is, with rare
 exceptions, subject to her imagination. Her
 novels are *sui generis*, for they show not only
 her mastery of her art and her creative power,
 but the greatness of her reasoning powers
 and the logical accuracy of her mind. A
 number of essays have appeared which seek
 to penetrate the secret of her power and ex-
 plain the peculiar characteristics of her gen-
 ius. But nothing half so good and compre-
 hensive in that line has appeared as a critical
 study of the life, writings and philosophy of
 George Eliot by Mr. George Willis Cooke. He
 gives some interesting biographical details. In
 this part of his work must be remarked his need-
 less inaccuracy of language. He begins a chap-
 ter entitled "Marriage" thus: "In 1853 Marian

Evans became the wife of George Henry Lewes."
 Everyone knows that it was impossible for her
 to become the wife of Lewes at that time, for he
 had then another wife living. In the year men-
 tioned Miss Evans went to live with Mr. Lewes.
 Their relations they regarded as those of man
 and wife, although they were not married in
 any legal sense. It was not until twenty years
 or more thereafter, that the death of Lewes's
 wife, from whom he could not obtain a divorce,
 made it possible for him to give a legal sanc-
 tion to the union between Marian Evans and
 himself. Yet Mr. Cooke, throughout the chap-
 ter mentioned, does not hesitate to do violence
 to an English word, of which the meaning was
 long ago well settled, by treating it as though
 the notions of Lewes and Miss Evans were suffi-
 cient to give it a new meaning altogether. For
 the rest Mr. Cooke is particularly good in the
 chapters devoted to her religious and philosoph-
 ical teachings. Her teachings, he finds, to be a
 mingled good and evil. And he notices acutely
 that life is sad, hard and ascetic in her treat-
 ment of it. He compares her to the pre-Rapha-
 elites, with whom life is painful, puritanic and
 depressing. A full bibliography at the end of
 the volume is welcome, and there is a portrait,
 said by one who knew her well, to be an excel-
 lent likeness.

It is one of the pleasures which the close of
 the year brings with it to have old and dear
 friends in a new dress. It is the publishers
 who procure for us this enjoyment by bringing
 out the poems we have long loved, adorned
 with all pictorial embellishment and sumptuous
 typography. This year no house has surpassed
 Messrs. Roberts Brothers, four of whose vol-
 umes will be very welcome to all persons of taste
 and sensibility. One of these is an elegant edi-
 tion of *Gray's Elegy*,* justly named the "Harry
 Fenn Edition," for it is illustrated by that ad-
 mirable artist with his accustomed skill, delicacy
 and feeling. Many of the illustrations are from
 sketches taken by Mr. Fenn at Stoke Pogis, the
 scene of the poem, and the thirty odd drawings
 were engraved under the supervision of Mr.
 George T. Andrew. As a curiosity are added
 three stanzas which appeared in the original
 edition, but were subsequently omitted by the
 author. All three stanzas are very fine and
 worthy of preservation. The heavy paper and
 dainty cover appropriately stamped make a
 gift-book which will be a prize to those who
 get it.

* *George Eliot: a Critical Study of her Life, Writings
 and Philosophy.* By George Willis Cooke. Boston:
 James R. Osgood & Company. 1883.

* *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.* By
 Thomas Gray. Illustrated by Harry Fenn. Boston:
 Roberts Brothers. 1884.

Another of these delightful books is Jean Ingelow's pathetic ballad on *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571*.^{*} Eleven artists have contributed some of their best inventions in preparing some forty illustrative drawings. Of these, especially graceful and imaginative is the work of F. S. Church, Harry Fenn and Wm. St. John Harper, and the engravings have been artistically printed. The book will have especial interest for Bostonians, for Jean Ingelow was born and brought up in Boston—not, indeed, the Boston of New England, but the less known mother town, the Boston of Lincolnshire, whence came John Cotton, a burning and shining light in the early days of the capital of New England. And so in an appendix are pictures of Jean Ingelow's home in Boston, of Skirbeck Church in that town, and of the old vicarage there which Cotton occupied for more than twenty years before he emigrated to Massachusetts.

A third of these books is a beautifully illustrated edition of Newman's hymn, *Lead, kindly Light*.[†] When Newman wrote this hymn more than fifty years ago neither he nor anyone dreamed that he would become a cardinal. But the hymn is imbued with such genuine religious feeling that it must be as acceptable to Cardinal Newman as it was to him when he was a young clergyman of the English Church. To the cunning pencils of William St. John Harper and George R. Halm has been intrusted the illustration of the hymn. And they have done their work in a manner which lends new interest to the words. The music, composed for the hymn by Dykes, is given at the end, and the jewel of a hymn has altogether a worthy setting.

Finally, we have Lord Houghton's pretty *Good Night and Good Morning*,[‡] printed on a half-dozen quarto cards, with illuminated borders and etchings by Walter Severn. The quaintness and sweetness of this artist's devices are well known, and he has never done better work than here, while the printing in gold and colors is as perfect as could be desired. The cards and two illuminated covers are tied together by a heavy silk cord.

The plan of Bohn's "Dictionary of Po-

^{*} *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571*. By Jean Ingelow. Published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII.

[†] *Lead, kindly Light*. By John Henry Newman. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

[‡] *Good Night and Good Morning*. Words by Lord Houghton. With illuminations and etchings by Walter Severn. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

etical Quotations" has always commended itself to the student of English literature. It combined the formal simplicity of a dictionary with almost encyclopædic breadth and completeness. But the readings from old authors were, many of them, inaccurate, and its neglect of American poetry largely detracted from its value among anthologies. Under the added title, *A Dictionary of Quotations from English and American Poets*,^{*} deficiencies have been freely supplied. And in its enlarged and revised form it leaves little to be desired as a work of reference. Of the six thousand citations made, one-quarter are from American sources, and although this number seems disproportionate when compared with the great body of English poetry over which the taste or fancy of the eclectic is required to range, careful examination will find few thoughts from American minds that do not adorn their surroundings. Extensive cross references, a concordance and index giving places and dates of birth and death of the authors quoted, greatly enhance the value of this collection which may be cordially commended to all classes of readers.

Ever since Homer

"On the Chian strand
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea,"

the imagination of the poets has moved on the face of the waters. But as late as the Augustan age, the sentiment of the ancients was reflected in the words of Horace: "In vain has God in his wisdom separated land from land by the estranging ocean, if impious barks will bound across it." This inexperience and dread of the sea affected poetic expression to such an extent that the Latin poets, notably Virgil, contributed little to the literature of sea imagery. This is the more singular since the *Æneid* is essentially a marine poem, a series of sea-scapes, but where all the colors are tame and monotonous.

Since Virgil the voice of the sea has had many interpreters. The old awe and fear have given place to love, to veneration, to wild exuberant delight in the very convulsions of the watery plain.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and our own American poets, have each contributed a note in the harmony of the sea, as varied as its own music. Miss Ward's admirable collec-

^{*} *A Dictionary of Quotations from English and American Poets*, based upon Bohn's edition, revised, corrected and enlarged. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1883.

tion *Surf and Wave*,* does not err either in intention or fulfillment. In so generous a collection much has been included which the fastidious critic, whose ears are attuned to the concert pitch set by the great masters of English song, may deem flat or unprofitable. But these minor strains in ballad measure have a melodic charm of their own and one which the editor has done well to recognize so fully. The illustrations are worthy of much praise, and the whole collection may be read with pleasure and profit by every sojourner by the gates of the sea.

There are certain features about Rénan's last book, his *Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse*,† which make it the most remarkable of all his works. It is a perfect laying-bare of the writer's inner-self. It is a dissection of the machinery of Rénan's nature, an unreserved disclosure of the process of evolution, by which the devout student of theology in Saint Sulpice became the most formidable anti-christian of the century; only it differs from other such autobiographies in that the dissection is not made of set purpose or with any view to effect. The frankness of these "Souvenirs" is absolute and sincere. Had the author of "The Life of Jesus" intended to strengthen his position or his individuality, he would have written them very differently. There is only one book to which this autobiography of Ernest Rénan bears any similarity. And since that book was given to the world, Rénan's is the most notable of the kind that has appeared. That book is Rousseau's "Emile," between which and the "Souvenirs," the likeness in many respects is very striking.

Rénan is, before all, a sentimentalist. He has now put that fact beyond question. He is a dreamer and a poet rather than a sage. And it is out of dreams and poetry—so he, in fact, declares—that he has constructed whatever of Positivist belief he now holds, rather than out of the fruits of solid scientific research. Consequently, his theories rest upon an unstable basis. And what this book does chiefly is to prove how insecure is Rénan's hold upon his own beliefs. We would go so far as to say that this book is a confounding of most of his professions. It prevents the Positivists being able to claim Rénan as wholly their own, as effectually as all else that he has written disables the Christians from doing so.

In this book we have Rénan examining himself subjectively. The result is as complex as it is curious. He tells us that he rejected the Christian theology in his youth, not because it was absurd or beneath his intellect, but because it was too great, too far above him, and because the spiritual ideal of the Christian was so exacting and so sublime that it appalled him. He lapsed from theological studies into science as into a "by-path." He studied Darwin not as a scientific man, but as a dreamer. He was not a scientific scholar, and never could be. But Darwin fascinated him. He found the reasoning of Darwin easily understandable, while the theology he had left was beyond his power. Thus, upon the slenderest basis of scientific research, Rénan built up his dream, his poem, his theory—what you will, but not his philosophy—and with this poem colored all the research he has made as a philologist. Sentiment is Rénan's motive-power. He has done for sentiment, perhaps unconsciously, what Rousseau did deliberately. The Positivists, great though the distance is between the sects, look at man as certain of the encyclopædists did, as a piece of mechanism principally moved from without, not as a conscious organism reacting on the medium in which it is placed with an inner life of its own. The Savoyard Vicar, in "Emile," as Morley points out, restores this inner life to recognition, and makes it again the centre of the imaginative and spiritual existence. Rénan's subjective study of himself might have been modeled upon those pages of "Emile." Henri Martin compares them to the advance made by Descartes which had given certitude to the soul by turning thought confidently upon itself, and he declares that the Savoyard Vicar is for the emancipation of sentiment what the "Discourse upon Method" was for the emancipation of the understanding. Rénan's autobiography bears the same relation to modern positivism that Rousseau's book did to the theories of the encyclopædists.

Rénan presents perhaps the most curious study when he speaks of the Roman Catholic church and his experience as a theological student. In one who, since his manhood, has been outside the pale of catholicity, who left its schools to become an arch enemy of its doctrine, and who consequently has had, all his life, to bear his full share of its denunciation and abuse, it might be thought natural enough that he should retaliate when the opportunity came, that he should use so fine a chance to vilipend the clerical party—especially a time when they were never more unpopular

* *Surf and Wave*: The Sea as sung by the Poets. Edited by Anna L. Ward. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1883.

† *Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse*. By Ernest Rénan. Paris, 1883.

in France—as an examination of their educational system by one who had experience of it afforded. It is somewhat startling to find Rénan doing the directly opposite of this. So far from attacking the clerical system of education, he defends it. His book is a vindication such as the Jesuits of France have never had. Instead of venting bitterness on the recollections of the days spent in the seminary, he lingers tenderly, lovingly over them. He bears testimony to the uprightness, to the zeal, to the scholarship, to the educational ability, to the wonderful asceticism—above all, to the purity of the priests. “The teachings of the priest kept me chaste through all my youth,” he says. He lingers so long and so lovingly over those days that his language often takes the form of sighs of regret, which sometimes almost sound like sighs of remorse. In his preface, side by side with his declaration of faith as a positivist, one passage, of surpassing beauty, occurs exemplifying this. There is in Brittany a legend of the City of Is, which is exactly similar to the Irish one of the Island of Hy Brasil. The City of Is was long ago by the sea. In tempests the sailors imagine they see the spires of its churches; in calms hear the sound of their bells. “It seems to me,” says Rénan, “that I have in my own heart a town of Is, which still has its obstinate bells that ring for the sacred offices and call for men who hear no more. Often I stop and

listen to these trembling vibrations, which seem to come from infinite depths, like voices from another world. As age comes on I take pleasure, especially during the summer, in collecting these distant noises of a lost Atlantis.”

Here again comes in the comparison with Rousseau. Compare that most remarkable passage of Rénan with this of the Savoyard Vicar: “The holiness of the Gospel is an argument that speaks to my heart and to which I would even be sorry to find a good answer. Look at the books of the philosophers with all their pomp! Is there here the tone of an enthusiast or an ambitious sectary? What gentleness, what purity in his manners, what touching grace in his teaching, what loftiness in his maxims! Assuredly there is something more than human in such teaching, such a character, such a life, such a death. If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a god. Shall we say that the history of the Gospels is invented at pleasure? My friend, that is not the fashion of invention.” And even as Rénan turns from his City of Is to his declaration of positivism, just as inconsequentially the Vicar thus concludes his glowing rhapsody: “Yet, with all that, this same Gospel abounds in things incredible, which are repugnant to reason, and which it is impossible for any sensible man to conceive or admit.”

Town Talk.

Of the twelve months there are two in which an American—an American, that is, of the United States—may claim a special property. They come at widely different seasons, one at midsummer, the other when the year is on the verge of winter. But they are linked together, nevertheless, as containing days of special interest to all who are able to say that this is the land of their birth or the home of their choice. For to us does any day in July compare in importance with the Fourth? And what other nation makes a festival of the last Thursday in November? Thanksgiving Day is, indeed, a younger national observance than the Fourth, but seems to have taken root, none the less, as firmly as Independence Day.

New England has sometimes wounded the

susceptibilities of other parts of the country by claiming that everything in the way of institution or custom worth having in the land had its origin within her borders. The Knickerbocker and the Virginian, the South Carolinian and the New Orleanian, have scouted the claim of New England as preposterous. But there is one thing that cannot be denied, which is, that Thanksgiving came from Yankee-land and nowhere else. There are, indeed, ill-natured people who say that the stern founders of New England set up Thanksgiving in order to give a black-eye to Christmas, which they considered an utter abomination. And probably those founders would not have been particularly gratified, if they could have foreseen that the one legacy the whole country would

receive from them would be a day of feasting. But they builded better than they knew. They were very well aware that a good dinner is a good thing, but they thought it would be worldly and frivolous to confess it. Their descendants, with more candor, declare that the day exists for the sake of the dinner, and without the latter there could be no real Thanksgiving. But, then, the dinner must have its own elements. Certainly no loyal New Englander would admit that there could be on Thanksgiving Day a dinner worthy of the name without turkey and pumpkin-pie. And these American dishes are potent to attract gatherings of kith and kin which otherwise, it is to be feared, would never take place. Family guests and old friends make merry and partake of the good cheer together.

Let us continue, then, to keep up the American Thanksgiving, not forgetting, however, that as a festival it is a youngster, indeed, compared with Christmas, which was venerable long before Columbus set out to discover America. Yet old as it is, it holds its own very well and is as vigorous now as when the world was younger. And Christmas has always been especially a New York festival. It came over with the Dutchmen who first occupied Manhattan Island. Christmas was royally kept by them in New Amsterdam, and the rites they instituted have never been forgotten. Even yet the genuine Knickerbocker must have at this time crullers, flat, brown and crisp; doughnuts, dark, full and round, and mince pie. Without these there can be no true Christmas. And it must not be forgotten that the patron saint of Christmas, the worthy St. Nicholas, better known to little people as Santa Claus, has been adopted by New York, not exactly as a patron saint, but as a substitute for one. At all events his name has been bestowed upon various clubs and societies and he seems to be considered as one of the legacies of New York's founders, since there are those who claim that the worthy saint was a sturdy, kindly, jolly burgher of old Amsterdam. And very proper, therefore, does it appear that he should be connected with merry Christmas. Someone has said that Christmas observances were falling into desuetude in England when they were revived by the tales of Charles Dickens. But New York has never needed a Dickens for that purpose. The day was a happy, cheerful day when what is now the vast city was but a village—a day when the smile on most faces gave a warm glow in spite of a dull

sky. And the genuine Knickerbocker can be distinguished in no way better than by his hearty observance of this festal time. The time of gifts has come. And although the man with many relatives sometimes feels this part of the observance of the day a burden, yet cheerful givers abound. Liberality overleaps the bounds of kindred and friendship, and the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, the cold are cheered and warmed with fuel, an hour of ease and relief is managed for the weary and careworn, innocent gratifications are contrived for those whose pleasures are few and rare.

But they who rejoice in Christmas most are the little people. What a throng of happy children there are in the world on that day! How many little hearts are beating with pleasure, how many childish lips are prattling cheerfully! Thousands of such childish groups, scattered all over the world, are a pleasant vision, and enough to make one merry in remembering them.

Yet before either Thanksgiving or Christmas arrives New York will celebrate the centenary of an important day in its history, the day on which it ceased to be ruled from the other side of the Atlantic. The city has always been charged with being indifferent to its past history, to its traditions and its bygone days, and perhaps there is some truth in the charge. Peopled as it is by persons from all parts of the earth, those who are descended from its founders are a small minority. It is this minority only which can be expected to cherish its local traditions and be solicitous that the memory shall not die of those who laid the foundations of the city broad and deep. But Evacuation Day is something which appeals to all, and its centenary should be honored by due observance. If one of those who came back after the seven years' war and entered the city with Washington on the 25th of November, 1783, could revisit the earth, he would recognize little he had ever seen before. He would look out, it is true, on the bay and the heights of Staten Island. He would find St. Paul's Chapel, Fraunces's Tavern, the Van Cortlandt House, the old Provost, disguised beyond recognition, the Rhinelander sugar-house, and the iron railing of the Bowling Green. But besides that, nothing. Not one stone has been left upon another. All the buildings save those mentioned have been torn down and replaced by others, while miles and miles of what were green fields a century since are occupied by closely-built rows of houses. But

not the natural aspect of the town alone would be found changed. Habits and modes of thought are changed as much, and the visitor

would perhaps be glad to exchange this mundane sphere for the region—doubtless a celestial one—from which he came.

Salmagundi.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

[Lines read at a meeting of the Newport Town and Country Club at the house of W. Roebling, builder of the Brooklyn Bridge.]

A priesthood high, in Rome of old,
The builder of a bridge did hold,
Who, where the yellow Tiber flowed,
Good spanning threw from road to road,
And the divided town did wed
Across the river's foaming bed.

Hence, they who wear the triple crown,
The useful office still hand down;
And, in the beauteous frescoed halls,
Where glory unto glory calls,
Where marble Hellas awes us still,
And Raphael melts the heart at will,
The mighty Pontifex has praise—
The blazon still his arms displays.

This house, that makes our club its guest,
Has such a builder in its breast.
Two cities may he hold in fee
Made one by his brave ministry.
Rivals before, they meet as friends,
So mingling, one scarce knows where ends
The Brooklyn virtue, where begins
Gotham's astounding tale of sins.

We, who are gladly met to-day,
Just homage to our host should pay.
The Pope of Rome we don't obey,
But Pontiff Roebling bids us here
For cordial greeting and high cheer,
And not a puritan of us all
Delays to heed the master's call!
And, if Protestant, we protest
That of all bridges gained or guessed,
The bridge he builded is the best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

In the account of Faneuil Hall in the October MANHATTAN reference was made to the grasshopper on the cupola. Probably many

persons have wondered how so humble an insect came to be perched so high. A correspondent, whose name is not disclosed, sends from Yarmouth, Me., a solution of the problem, which is so pretty that it deserves to be true.

Some three centuries ago an English school-boy was amusing himself, as boys do now, hunting grasshoppers. While so engaged, he found in a snug nook under a hedge a male infant, which he carried home with him. This infant thrived and grew to man's estate and in due time became Lord Mayor of London. He built, while in office, a market or public hall and caused to be placed upon it a grasshopper vane in remembrance of the providential cause of his discovery. It was from this building that the vane was copied which now adorns Faneuil Hall.

ONE HAPPY WOMAN.

The world is wide enough to hold
One happy woman, she was told.
The little maid looked up to guess:
"A bride, in just the loveliest dress;
A ship is waiting, too, in sight,
To sail for —"

"No, you are not right.
The woman you are guessing lies
To-night in some weird hut. Her eyes
Are void; her hollow hands are cold
(They have not even a rose to hold);
A light is dying at her head;
And she is happy—being dead."

S. M. B. PIATT.

THE DOUBLE SHADOW.

Love casts no shadow, for the sun is high;
Risen from far horizons till the glow
Of swift transfiguring light that trembled so
At wakening the world, has filled the sky
With brightness to the zenith. Ah! then why
Should I, with such unerring instinct, know
Love's shadow would be double, if below

That highest poise the sun droop? For if I
Should behold sorrow coming close to thee,
How could I bear it, love, how could I bear,
Day after day with bitter pain to see
Thee suffer?—And if fate should let me wear
The cross, how could I bear, love, as my
share,

Day after day to see thee grieve for me?

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

A CONSERVATIVE.

"Your spring," he said, "I hate: now blast,
now breeze;

All weathers mixed; sharp change, confusion
dire;

An easy-chair, a vast December fire,
A fine old folio volume—give me these;
Birds' chatterings at the dawn my ear dis-
pleased,

My dreams disturb. What eye could ever
tire

Of orderly white ways? could e'er desire
The foolish haze of May? Such wishes tease
No stable mind!"

But none the less did break

Green from the glebe; the conéd chestnuts
gave

Faint fragrance out; the robin's breast would
make

A flame afield; the snow he could not save!
And spring on spring, as wave in strong wave's
wake,

Still rolls a bloomy billow o'er his grave.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

She flushed and paled and, bridling, raised her
head:

"How could you know that I was in dis-
tress,

To come so far and timely with redress?
For well and close, I thought, I kept my dread
From common scorn or pity."

"So?" he said,

"I scarce can tell; and yet it seems no less
Than that all circling winds and waters press
To bring me tidings how your life is led,
And I could hear the whisper of your name

Around the world. If the whole earth should
lie

Between us, and you fled when peril came,
I'd feel your foot-beats throb, I think, and fly,
And come through sea or waste or battle-flame,
And thank God's favor in your cause to die."

JAMES T. MCKAY.

ARTEMUS WARD IN NEW ORLEANS.

Not long after the termination of the war it was announced that Artemus would lecture in New Orleans. It was rather a bold undertaking for a Northern man to lecture in a Southern city just then. And Artemus, we all knew, had been a strong Union man. He had not fought us, it was true, with his bow and arrow, like the Sparrow; he had not captured us with his lance, like the wild Arab; but he had attacked us, nevertheless, with the weapon mightier than the sword. He himself had recorded his visit to the President of the Confederacy, and the defiant and threatening language he had used: "Wait till I go home and start out with the Baldinsville Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I am Capting of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! We'll wollup you out of your boots!" And thereupon he had gone back home and organized "a Company composed exclsosively of officers, everybody ranking as a Brigadier-General!"

All this was forgotten, however, when the announcement of his lectures appeared, and the tickets of admission were seen. They were of thick pasteboard—of crimson or scarlet tint—with these words printed on them, in large, black letters: "ADMIT THE BEARER AND ONE WIFE!" That took the town. I still have my ticket.

He afterward explained that his reason for this style of ticket was, that having formerly lectured in Utah, and given free tickets to the leading Mormons, with permission to bring their wives, he found the latter filled the hall entirely, and not a single person desiring to pay could get in.

The last lecture in New Orleans was given at the request of a Ladies' Society, which endeavored to assist the impoverished widows of Confederate soldiers, and the proceeds were for their benefit. Of course, every available inch of room was occupied and people were turned away from the door. Acting for the nonce as managing editor of a daily paper, I was unable to attend, much to my regret—which was heightened by the description of the lecture given by one of the proprietors and editors of the paper. A stout, hearty man, always good-natured and ready for a joke, he keenly appreciated fun of all kinds; and, as no one told a better story, so no one enjoyed one more, especially if it had a bit of odd humor in it. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he was verily possessed—that is the word—possessed of *Artemus Ward*, and not only attended each of his lectures, but was with him at other times as much as possible.

On his return from the lecture, the Proprietor, finding that we were disappointed in not having been able to hear Artemus, and knowing that he was to leave the city early next morning, went after the humorist and brought him into the "sanctum." He was introduced to us all, and the hilarious half-hour which followed compensated those of us who had been unable to go and hear him. He was about leaving when the "Colonel" came in. He was our principal city reporter and the only Irishman I ever knew who did not take readily to a joke. He had served in the Confederate army throughout the war; had distinguished himself; had lost an arm; and had risen to the rank of Colonel. He was honest and straightforward; not seeking familiarity in companionship; grave and even austere in demeanor; and, being frankness personified, never hesitated a moment to speak his mind, no matter who was his interlocutor.

Artemus was introduced to the Colonel, but I noticed that the latter's manner was cold, and he did not extend his hand but bowed in silence.

There was a moment's awkward feeling, which the Proprietor, with characteristic tact, instantly dissipated by saying pleasantly: "Let's be going, friend Browne; we'll not keep these gentlemen from their desks any longer!" We all, save the Colonel, moved slowly toward the door, mingling "good-byes" with jokes, puns and laughter.

Said the Colonel, still standing at his place, "Before you go, Mr. Browne, I should like to ask you a question!" There was something in the manner and tone in which he spoke that at once arrested our gayety. The visitor returned to where he had stood at the central table, opposite the Colonel, and said quietly: "I will answer you, Colonel, if I can; if I cannot, I shall regret my inability." This gay, lively demeanor was replaced by one of sedateness and seriousness. We gathered around the two.

"I have not attended your lectures, Mr. Browne," said the Colonel, with grave dignity, "because, to be frank with you, whenever I look at my empty sleeve I do not feel as friendly as might be toward the people from your part of the country. You can readily understand that."

The visitor nodded. "And, to be still frank with you, I did not like a Northern man to be coming down here so soon after the war, and carrying off what little loose change we have. That is why, when you were introduced to me just now, I did not offer you my hand.

But I remembered, the next moment, that you had this evening given the proceeds of your lecture to the Confederate soldiers' widows and orphans. I wish to thank you for that and to ask you to take my hand!"

Artemus said nothing; but his whole soul was in his face, as he cordially grasped the gallant soldier's hand. A glow of generous feeling ran through every bosom.

"What was the question, Colonel, you wished to put to friend Browne?" said the Proprietor, whose ruddy countenance shone with pleasure.

"Well, simply this: partly for my own satisfaction and partly to answer those who have asked me the question. Pray, Mr. Browne, did you fight against us during the war?"

This was uttered in all sober earnestness. We felt that it was out of place; and yet we couldn't help admiring the Colonel's genuine honesty and simplicity of purpose and feeling.

Artemus's eyes twinkled, though his face was composed and his manner serious, as he answered: "Since I came South, Colonel, I have been frequently asked that question. Permit me to answer it in my own fashion." He drew himself up and folded his arms. We drew closer around him, anxious to hear the humorist for once express himself seriously.

"I did my duty faithfully, Colonel, by sending a substitute to the war. I have never met him since. Doubtless, he will yet return to his family's bosom, to draw a pension in my place. I was therefore excused from further active service. But I always openly proclaimed it!"—here he was exceedingly impressive—"that as long as General Lee kept away from me, I would keep away from him; I would never go after him. But I said, nevertheless, repeatedly and without concealment, that if ever General Lee and his fifty thousand men came marching up into Nor'-West New York State, where my old mother and I lived on my humble homestead, and General Lee was to order his fifty thousand men to attack my homestead, I did say, as I said before, that I would send my old mother to the rear; and I would take down my grandfather's old musket, and I'd load her up with buckshot, and then I'd send General Lee word; and if he and his fifty thousand men didn't retreat, I would attack every man of them, and follow them to the Potomac! And you see, Colonel, General Lee must have heard of this, for he never once came near me!"

Amid the burst of laughter which followed, Artemus departed, and I never saw him again.

ORLENTIAN.

LITERIS

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THE MANHATTAN

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The October number will contain a poem by JOHN G. WHITTIER, "A Log of the Steam-yacht Atalanta," illustrated from drawings by GRANVILLE PERKINS and ALFRED BLUM; "The Irish Parliamentary Party," with eleven portraits; "The Second-hand Shops of Paris," by LUCY H. HOOPER.

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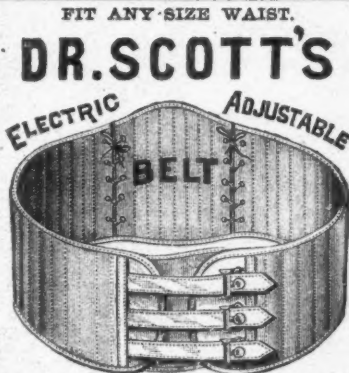
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